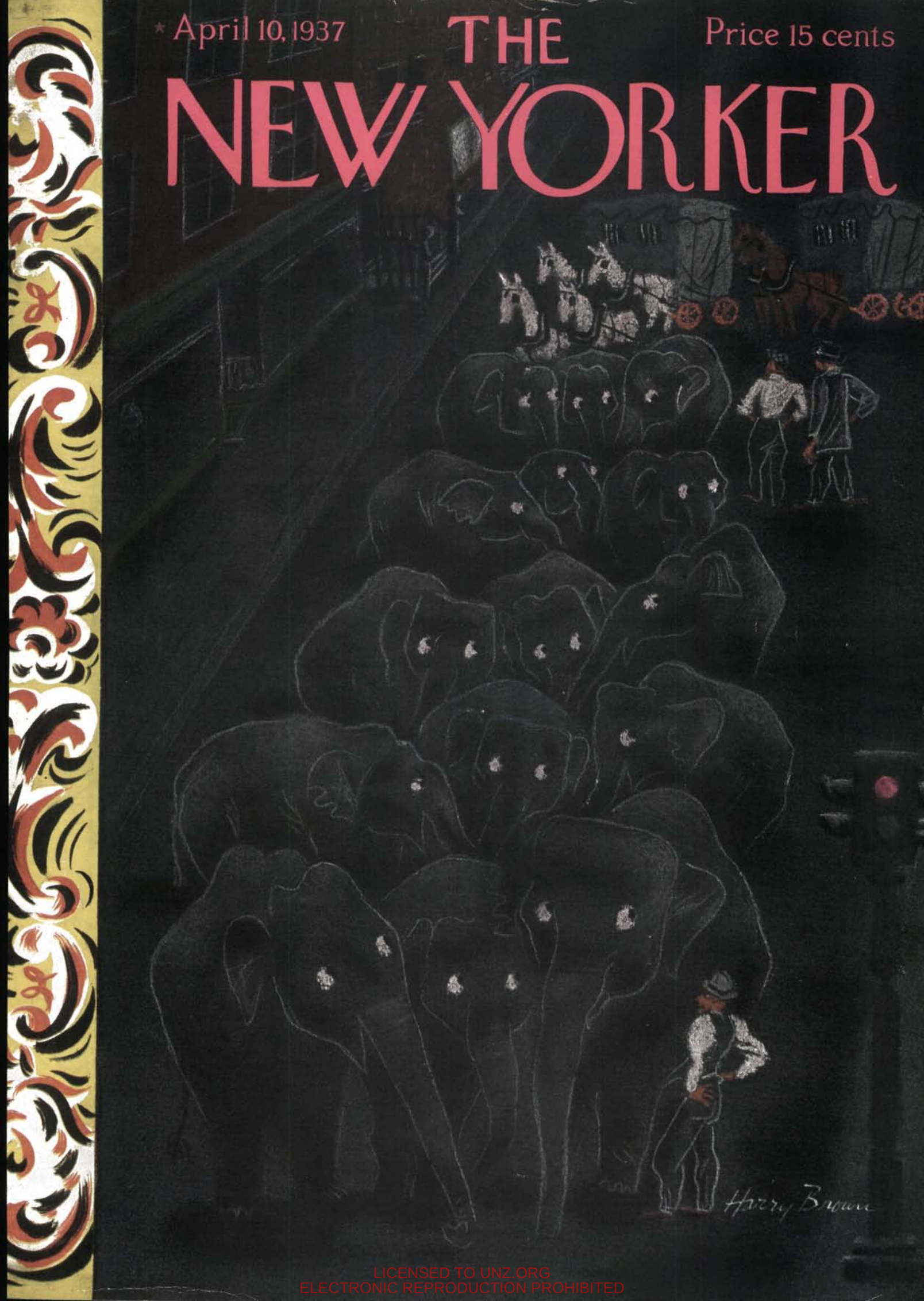
* April 10, 1937

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It first regaled the first gentlemen of America

NEARBY and afar, George Washington's plantation at Mount Vernon was famed for bounteous hospitality. Not least of the refreshment proffered to gentlemen gathered there was the suave whiskey made from rye grain grown on the place. That early distillation was forebear to the Mount Vernon straight rye now so widely famed for its delicate brilliance—the whiskey that has become traditional among gentlemen to serve to an especial guest.

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

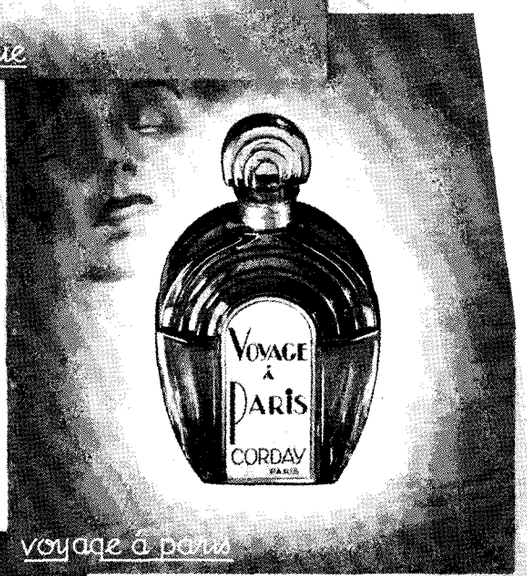
GOOD LIQUORS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

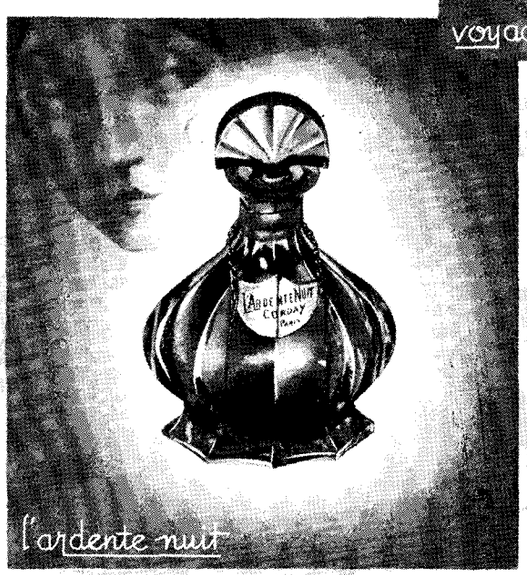
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORDAY

15 RUE DE LA PAIX · PARIS

Parfums of Lasting Fragrance





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 17.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—The Doctor is amazing because he combines his practice with a very flourishing brigandry, for "purely scientific purposes." Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the versatile scientist. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. Mat. Thurs.)

BOY MEETS GIRL—Second year of the successful comedy about Hollywood. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

BROTHER RAT—A comedy of life at Virginia Military Institute which involves baseball and—well, life at Virginia Military Institute. Frank Albertson, Eddie Albert, Jose Ferrer, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

CANDIDA—Katharine Cornell's revival of the Shaw play, with Robert Harris, Kent Smith, and Mildred Natwick. Performed Sat. Eve., Apr. 10, and for two weeks starting Mon. Eve., Apr. 12. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541.)

DEAD END—Second year. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

THE ETERNAL ROAD—A vast and beautiful pageant, dealing with the saga of the Jewish race as contained in the Old Testament. The combination of Max Reinhardt and Norman Bel Geddes has produced a spectacle which is something to marvel at. (Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave. WIsconsin 7-4294. Extra performances Sun. Aft. and Eve.; no performance Mon. Eve.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—Life in a vacation camp for clerks and stenographers, with a tender little love story and good, satisfactory laughs. One of the better offerings. Katherine Locke, Jules Garfield, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

HIGH TOR—The New York Drama Critics' Circle prize play. A fantasy-melodrama-tone-poem, all about ghostly goings-on along the Hudson, with plenty of slapstick and Maxwell Anderson verse. Burgess Meredith, Peggy Ashcroft, Charles D. Brown, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

KING RICHARD II—Maurice Evans' remarkable picture of the other English king who abdicated. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

MARCHING SONG—A strike and its effect on the workers in an automobile-manufacturing town, shown with considerable theatrical effect by the Theatre Union. (Bayes, 44, W. BRyant 9-3648. Closes Sat., Apr. 10.)

THE MASQUE OF KINGS—Good, old-fashioned royalty, with love and uniforms, and sword-clanking, and the tale of the unhappy couple at Mayerling. Dudley Digges, Henry Hull, Margo, and Pauline Frederick. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175. Mat. Thurs. Moves to Majestic, 44, W. on Mon., Apr. 12.)

STORM OVER PATSY—If you don't mind two acts of static Scotch dialect in a fight over a dog licence, you will be rewarded in part by a funny trial scene in the third act. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. Mat. Thurs.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. LAckawanna 4-6890.)

TOVARICH—High-class comedy dealing with exiled Russian nobles working in Paris as house servants. Marta Abba and John Halliday. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720.)

VICTORIA REGINA—Helen Hayes as the Little Old Lady of Windsor, with Vincent Price as Prince Albert. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Tues. and Thurs., 2:30 P.M.)

THE WINGLESS VICTORY—Last performances of Katharine Cornell in Maxwell Anderson's play about a Malay princess who has the misfortune to end up in Salem, Massachusetts: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Apr. 8 and 9, and Sat. Mat., Apr. 10, only. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541. Closes Sat. Aft., Apr. 10.)

THE WOMEN—Thirty-five women at each other's throats in a fashion highly entertaining, if you don't mind venom. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, Phyllis Povah, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—A mother who once was a free-love advocate finds her daughter following in her footsteps. A charming comedy from all angles. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A mad family which undeniably will be a fixture in New York society. One of the funniest plays of the season. Josephine Hull, Henry Travers, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CHickering 4-8168. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Apr. 11, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

WITH MUSIC

FREDERIKA—An operetta with Lehár music, put on with good taste and a feeling for convention. Dennis King, Helen Gleason, and Ernest Truex. (Imperial, 45, W. CHickering 4-0360.)

RED, HOT AND BLUE!—Jimmy Durante, Ethel Merman, and Bob Hope, all at their best, with passable Cole Porter music and a beautiful assortment of the things that count. Last three days. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 9, for the Actors Fund. Closes Sat., Apr. 10.)

THE SHOW IS ON—There is no reason you shouldn't find Beatrice Lillie magnificent, Bert Lahr convulsing, Reginald Gardiner tiptop, and the show entertaining. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

WHITE HORSE INN—The successful Continental operetta made big, beautiful, and just a little vulgar for the American trade. The cast includes Kitty Carlisle, William Gaxton, Robert Halliday, and many, many more. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. COlumbus 5-6535. May close Sat., Apr. 10 or 17.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

HITCH YOUR WAGON—A comedy by Bernard C. Schoenfeld, with George Curzon, Dennie Moore, and others. Opens Thurs., Apr. 8. (48th Street, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178. 8:40 P.M.)

EXCURSION—A fantastic comedy by Victor Wolfson, with Whitford Kane, Shirley Booth, and Frances Fuller. Opens Fri., Apr. 9. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134. 8:40 P.M.)

BABES IN ARMS—A musical comedy by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Mitzi Green, Ray Heatheron, Duke McHale, and others. Opens Tues., Apr. 13. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175. 8:30 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

BET YOUR LIFE—A comedy by Fritz Blocki and Willie Howard, with Lulu McConnell, Lew Hearn, Claire Carlton, and others. (Golden, 45, W. CHickering 4-0144. 8:45 P.M.)

MISS QUIS—A play by Ward Morehouse, with Peggy Wood, James Rennie, Jessie Royce Landis, and others. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

•

NAUGHTY-NAUGHT—A drama of life at Yale in 1900, to the pleasant accompaniment of self-imposed singing and drinking. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9:15.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Power," a fast-moving story, believe it or not, about electric light and power and their misuse. (Ritz, 48, W. MEdallion 3-0912. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in an excellent production. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5715. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . "The Sun and I," a play by Barrie and Leona Stavis. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays at 8:30 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—Remo Bufano's Marionettes in "Alice in Wonderland," benefit performance for children in Spain: Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 3. (A.W.A. Clubhouse, 353 W. 57.) . . . "Aucassin and Nicolette," presented by the King-Coit Children's Theatre: Sun. and Fri. Afts., Apr. 11 and 16, at 4. (135 E. 40.)

BALLET

BALLET RUSSE—De Basil's distinguished troupe returns for a short engagement: "Scuola di Ballo," "Symphonie Fantastique," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Beau Danube": Fri. Eve., Apr. 9. "A Hundred Kisses," "Petrouchka," and "Prince Igor": Sat. Aft., Apr. 10. "*Cimarosiana*," "*Choreartium*," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Gypsy Dances": Sat. Eve., Apr. 10. "Les Sylphides," "Boutique Fantasque," and "Aurora's Wedding," Sun. Aft., Apr. 11. "Scuola di Ballo," "Symphonie Fantastique," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Prince Igor": Sun. Eve., Apr. 11. "Pavillon," "Scheherazade," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor": Mon. Eve., Apr. 12. "Lac des Cygnes," "Symphonie Fantastique," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Beau Danube": Tues. Eve., Apr. 13. Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 40.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Dick Gasparre's orchestra, Hildegarde Halliday, Robert Bard, and other entertainment. Dress preferred.

BALI, 161 E. 54 (WIckersham 2-6480)—Jim Moriarty's place, with Joe Moss's orchestra and entertainment by Gene Archer, Dan Hardin and Elizabeth Huston, and Vanda Mara.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the dance music in the Bowman Room.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Hugo de Paul's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

ESSEX CASINO-ON-THE-PARK, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play in this room that looks out on Central Park.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's orchestra and singing by Frances Maddux. Dress preferred.

MERRY-GO-ROUND AND MAISONNETTE RUSSE DE PARIS, 49 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-7262)—Tony Sarg has decorated the bar, and, in the main room, there's music by Harry Rosenthal's orchestra.

MON PARIS, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—Gene Fosdick's dance music and songs by Marion Pierce and Reed Lawton.

MONTPARNASSE, 50 E. 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—Joseph C. Smith's orchestra plays for dancing in this attractive uptown spot. Dress preferred.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The perennial East Side favorite offers music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for dancing in the Corinthian Room until 12:30 A.M. only. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra play for dancing in the Persian Room. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The bill here includes Alec Templeton, a remarkable pianist, and Jack Holland and June Hart, dancers. Ruby Newman's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras play for dancing. Must dress. . . . Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill; songs by Carl and Leone Bonner.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600)—The Crystal Garden has Basil Fomeen's excellent dance music and a group of entertainers. Must dress.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—The Restaurant de la Paix has Jack Sherr's orchestra and songs by Clifford Newdahl.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—Emil

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	48
BOOKS	76
THE CURRENT CINEMA	69
LETTER FROM PARIS	44
MUSICAL EVENTS	62
CONCERT RECORDS	63
OF ALL THINGS	34
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
THIS AND THAT	52
OUT OF TOWN	54
THE RACE TRACK	66
A REPORTER AT LARGE	37
TABLES FOR TWO	59
THE THEATRE	30

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising manager. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIII, No. 8, April 10, 1937. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879 Copyright, 1937, by the F-R Publish-

I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA AND SEATTLE

"THAT'S MINE." A new Ivory-Washable to win your devotion. Its eager lines have a slim circular swing. Details that count—buttoned pockets, hemp belt, collarless jacket, revers on sleeveless dress. Made of Crepe Warwick, the Celanese as limber and as non-clinging as tropical suiting. It washes as graciously as linen with pure Ivory Flakes. For a spotless outlook and an unfading future, choose pure Ivory Flakes for your fine things.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Coleman's orchestra plays in the Iridium Room. Entertainment by the Merriel Abbott Dancers and Boy-Foy. Must dress. . . . The Maisonette Russe offers Cornelius Codolban's music and "Neapolitan Nights" entertainment. Dress preferred.

SAPPHIRE ROOM, 151 E. 57 (ELdorado 5-7860)—Guido's attractive place, with Barry Winton's and Don Alfredo's orchestras. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Dwight Fiske sings at midnight.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and Gus Martel.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. The Condos Brothers, Josephine Huston, and others entertain; music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Sert Room offers Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras, Eve Symington, Georges and Jalna, and Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist. Must dress. . . . The Empire Room is open for supper dancing Sat. only; Michael Zarin's orchestra.

ZELLI'S ROYAL BOX, 130 E. 58 (ELdorado 5-7932)—Decorated to represent a square in Montmartre, with Joe Zelli as master of ceremonies, and a show featuring Rachel Carlay. Music by Ellis Thomson's and Danny's orchestras.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Eddie Lane: Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AShland 4-4000). . . . *Vincent Lopez*: Astor Grill, B'way at 44 (BRyant 9-2100). . . . Benny Goodman: Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000). . . . Guy Lombardo: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200). . . . Lennie Hayton: Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000). . . . Jerry Blaine: Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000). . . . Enoch Light: McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . Joseph Zatour: Shelton, Lexington at 49. . . . Isham Jones: Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . . Hal Hope: Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49. . . . Ozzie Nelson: Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Tommy Dorsey: Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Ray O'Hara: Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Bill McCune: "61" Room of the Bossert, 61 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights.

•

NOTES—Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Beverly Bar, Lexington at 50; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Red Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52.

Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has Harry Horton's and Cookie Williams' orchestras, the Yanyego Voodoo Dancers, and others.

Barney's attractive new place, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), offers entertainment by the Three Rogues, and Meri and Miriam.

The Raleigh Room, new cocktail room in the Warwick, 65 W. 54, opened recently. . . . There's also a new bar in the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has a sumptuous show, "French Casino Folies." Rudolf Friml, Jr.'s and Vincent Travers' orchestras play for dancing. . . . Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080), with a new revue; and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572), with Benny Fields. . . . Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. . . . Jack White heads the entertainment at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858). . . . Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has Red McKenzie and his orchestra, and a fast show featuring Jacqueline Joyce, Alma Bray, and others.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (LAckawanna 4-7300), has Duke Ellington's orchestra and a new revue featuring Ethel Waters, the Nicholas Brothers, and others. . . . The Harlem Uproar House, 209 W. 51 (CIrcle 7-4074), also has a lively new black-and-tan show; music by Erskine Hawkins and his 'Bama State Collegians.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Stuff Smith; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala and his Chicagoans. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite. Music by Eddie Roy's orchestra. . . . Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 3-9417), has a lively show. . . . The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show. . . . Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8. . . . Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

HARLEM—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (TIllinghast 5-9366), has a show featuring Gladys Bentley . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (Tilling . . .

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 17.]

B'way at 52; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (TOmpkins Square 6-9784), and the Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8072). . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833), with dancing by Dimitri and Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

ELEPHANT BOY—A Robert Flaherty film of hunting in India, and nice for the young people. (Rialto, B'way at 42; continuous from 9 A.M.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—Queen Elizabeth and the Armada, and, in general, a bright big show. Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, and Laurence Olivier are in it. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Apr. 13 and 14; continuous from noon. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Wed. and Thurs., Apr. 14 and 15; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE GOOD EARTH—The famine and locusts of northern China, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni as the farmers. A beautiful rendering of the Pearl Buck novel. (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

LOST HORIZON—Lamas and Himalayas according to James Hilton and Hollywood. Some handsome moments, with Ronald Colman and Margo. (Globe, B'way at 46; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES—H. G. Wells' notions about social reform, interpreted by Roland Young in a Korda production. (May-

•

DEXTER FELLOWS

This gay dog has been with Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey since 1906, during which time he has probably got more unlikely stories printed than any other press agent on earth. He likes chicken fricassee, can sing any hymn you ever heard of, and always carries a silver-headed cane which may or may not have . . . (C) . . . the Rimo . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fair, 7 Ave. at 47; Mon. and Tues., Apr. 12 and 13; continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

MAID OF SALEM—Claudette Colbert in a Puritan bonnet faces the witches of early New England days. Fred MacMurray is one of the gentlemen concerned. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 8-12; continuous from 1 P.M., 11:30 A.M., 1 P.M., and noon, respectively. . . . State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., Apr. 8-14; continuous from 10 A.M.)

MAYTIME—The old operetta all dressed up again, and twice as fresh as ever. With Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Apr. 14; continuous from 10 A.M.)

QUALITY STREET—The precise little sentiments of the Barrie comedy neatly adapted to the talents of the Misses Hepburn, Witherspoon, Bainter, and Winwood, and also of Mr. Tone. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; starting Thurs., Apr. 8; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

WAIKIKI WEDDING—Pranksome item about Hawaii, with Bing Crosby and comics. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Apr. 13; continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

THE WOMAN ALONE—Sylvia Sidney in a minor shocker of London and anarchist plots. (RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; and RKO 23rd Street, 143 W. 23; Mon. through Wed., Apr. 12-14; continuous from 11 A.M.)

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE—Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney in an excellent thriller with lots of frills. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Sun., Apr. 9-11; continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

REVIVALS—At the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8—"La Kermesse Héroïque," Thurs., Apr. 8; continuous from 12:30 P.M. . . . At the Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.—"La Kermesse Héroïque," continuous from noon. . . . At the 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68—"Winterset." Fri. and Sat., Apr. 9 and 10; "La Kermesse Héroïque," Sun. through Tues., Apr. 11-13; continuous from noon. . . . At the Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57—"Beloved Enemy," Sat. through Mon., Apr. 10-12; continuous from noon.

NOTE—Films suitable for young people, at the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78, Fri., Sat., and Sun. Afts. and Eves.; continuous from 2:20 P.M.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "On the Avenue," nice Irving Berlin interludes, loosely strung together, with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell; "Seventh Heaven," almost too much love for the average soul, with Simone Simon and James Stewart.

ART

ABSTRACT—First show of a new American group devoted to abstract art: Squibb Art Galleries, 745 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

ACADEMY—Parade of the dodoes and those who got in by mistake: National Academy of Design, 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Apr. 13.

AFRICAN NEGRO SCULPTURE—Primitive art from the Frank Crowninshield collection: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

AMERICANA—Art by early American children; paintings of them, including two recently discovered Vanderlyns; and also a collection of early toys. Admission twenty-five cents, for the benefit of the Little Red School House Scholarship Fund: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Tues., Apr. 13.

CADMUS—First one-man show of a painter well known through the controversies some of his lowbrow subjects have awakened: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

CORBINO—Paintings by a current Guggenheim Fellow: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Apr. 12.

DEGAS—Really stunning collection of Degas' paintings and pastels, including a splendid early portrait. Don't miss: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10. (Admission fifty cents, for charity.)

DIRK—Water colors by a painter heretofore chiefly known for his oils on New York themes: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

DOVE—One of the most imaginative of the American moderns: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 16.

ETTING—First showing in New York of a promising young Pennsylvania artist: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

FANTIN-LATOUR—Lithographs woven around ideal poetic and musical themes by a nineteenth-century master. Pure Beauty: Room 316, N. Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Some important paintings by Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . From Boudin to Vuillard: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10. . . . From Courbet to Seurat: Seligmann, 3 . . .

You know the feeling of being lovely
and beloved... of being "very special"
in a certain person's eyes? That's the sort
of glow you're in, the moment you slip a
Fromm BRIGHT-WITH-SILVER Fox about your
throat! There's an intangible quality in the silver
sheen of this pedigreed fur that makes you both
beautiful... and conscious of your beauty. Loveliness is
quadrupled in the beige cape suit with its four gorgeous
skins. The pedigrees of these, and of all Fromm BRIGHT-
WITH-SILVER Foxes, are available by mailing the medallions
attached to the pelts to FROMM BROS., Inc., Hamburg, Wisconsin.

KNOW THE PEDIGREE OF THE SILVER FOX YOU BUY. *This Medallion is sealed to the nose of every genuine Fromm Pedigreed Fox. To receive the free pedigree of the silver fox you purchase, mail the Medallion to Fromm*

FROMM *Bright with Silver* PEDIGREED FOXES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . *Figure pieces by Géricault, Delacroix, Corot, Courbet, Monet, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Picasso,* and others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

GANSO—Sensitive landscapes and luscious nudes: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

INDEPENDENTS—*Grand annual show: 4th floor,* Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

LOUGHNEY—Another promising young painter: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 10 P.M.; through Apr. 11.

MANET—Important retrospective exhibition of one of the first of the moderns; best chance to see Manet since the Paris show of 1932: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17. (Admission fifty cents for charity.)

NINETEENTH CENTURY—American classics, from Blakelock to Eilshemius: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

O'KEEFFE—Twenty-five paintings from 1924 to 1937. Important: Art Gallery of American Woman's Association, 353 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. 2:30 to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 16.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Vast and fascinating procession of photographs from Daguerre onward: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 18.

PHYSICIANS—Art by the profession that gave the painter and sculptor his first lessons in anatomy: Academy of Medicine, 5 Ave. at 103. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

PINTOS—Three interesting young moderns, better known in New York for their prints: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

REGIONAL—Paintings and prints by Cleveland artists: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 16. . . . Canadian folk art: National Committee on Folk Arts, 673 5 Ave., entrance on E. 53. Open weekdays 11:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (Admission twenty-five cents.)

REMBRANDT—Four famous paintings: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Apr. 15.

SOCIAL SCENE—Paintings and sculptures by the more radical and social-minded artists: American Artists School, 131 W. 14. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 17.

SPORT—Prints and paintings: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6.

WESTON—Exhibition of one of the best of the "younger" American photographers: Nierendorf, 20 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

WPA—*New show of black-and-whites by* WPA artists: Federal Art Project Gallery, 7 E. 38. Open weekdays 12 noon to 5 P.M.

YOUNG AMERICA PAINTS—Second annual exhibition of work by school children: International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Paintings by Herbert Gurschner: Feragil, 63 E. 57; through Apr. 17. . . . Paintings and objects by Frelinghuysen, Gallatin, Morris, and Shaw; also, portraits by Kurt Pantz: Paul Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57; through Apr. 17. . . . Paintings by Lee Gatch: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. . . . Memorial exhibition of paintings by Charles H. Rathbone, Jr.: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Apr. 17. . . . Drawings by Alberto Gnecchi: Carstairs, 11 E. 57; through Apr. 17 . . . Lithographs, etchings, and drawings by Kathe Kollwitz: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. . . . Ancient and modern masks: Westermann, 24 W. 48; through Apr. 19. . . . National Society of Mural Painters: 115 E. 40; through Apr. 10. . . . Reproductions of Degas: F.A.R. Gallery, 21 E. 61. . . . Water colors of trout and salmon fishing by Ogden M. Pleissner: Sporting Gallery & Bookshop, 38 E. 52.

NEW GALLERIES—The Buchholz Gallery (Curt Valentin) has just opened at 3 W. 46. It shows the work of important German artists, such as Barlach, Kolbe, and Lehmbruck.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

GORDON STRING QUARTET—Concluding their spring series of chamber-music concerts: Concert League, 846 7 Ave. (between 54 and 55 St.), Fri. Eves., Apr. 9 and 16, at 8:45.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Season's finale for this eminent organization Hofmann, Barrère, and others Town Hall, Mon Eve, Apr 12

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA—The first of three concerts of chamber music by American composers Grand Central Galleries, 5 Ave at 51, Tues Eve, Apr 13

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs Eves Apr 8 and 15, at 8:45, Fri Afts, Apr 9 and 16, at 2:30, Sun

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 17.]

ducting; soloist, Mischa Levitzki: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 2:30.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 13, at 8:45.

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Lefebvre conducting: Ballroom, Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 15.

OPERA

CURTIS INSTITUTE OPERA—At the New Amsterdam, 42, W. of B'way—"Le Pauvre Matelot," by Darius Milhaud and Jean Cocteau, and "Amelia al Ballo," by Gian-Carlo Menotti; benefit performance for the Henry Street Music Settlement: Sun. Eve., Apr. 11, at 8:45.

WPA OPERA—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—"*The Romance of Robot*," by Frederic Hart, and an English adaptation of Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona": Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Apr. 12, 13, 15, and 17.

HIPPODROME OPERA—Popular-priced season opens at the Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43—"Il Trovatore," Fri. Eve., Apr. 16, at 8:15; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Apr. 17, at 2:15; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Apr. 17, at 8:15; and "Aïda," Sun. Eve., Apr. 18, at 8:15.

SPORTS

HORSE SHOWS—Round Hill Club Stables Spring Horse Show, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., Apr. 10. . . . Squadron A Spring Horse Show, Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Fri. and Sat., Apr. 16 and 17.

INDOOR POLO—National Championships, East vs. West—Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Apr. 10: Sherman Memorial, at 8; Junior Championship, at 9; Senior Championship, at 10. Further deciding games necessary in any division will be played Tues. Eve., Apr. 13.

RACING—*Local season opens: Jamaica, L.I.*; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Thurs., Apr. 15. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

RUGBY FOOTBALL—At Randall's Island Stadium: Nassau College vs. New York Rugby Club, Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 3. (Take Triborough Bridge from E. 125 St.)

OTHER EVENTS

CIRCUSES—The Cole Brothers-Clyde Beatty Circus: Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43; performances daily at 2 and 8 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 11. . . . The Ringling, Barnum & Bailey big show: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49; starting Thurs. Eve., Apr. 8, at 8; *performances daily thereafter* at 2 and 8 P.M.

COLLECTORS' SHOW—Gems, antiques, stamps, coins, autographs, books, prints, Indian relics, etc.: Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 9.

HASTY PUDDING SHOW—Annual performance of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club. This year it's called "Come Across": Mecca Temple, 55, E. of 7 Ave., Fri. Eve., Apr. 9, at 8:30.

HILAIRE BELLOC—Lecturing on "Nationalism": Keating Hall, Fordham University Graduate School, Wed. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8.

PUBLIC BALLS—The Butterfly Ball, for the benefit of the House of Rest: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Apr. 9. . . . The Cartoonists Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Apr. 9. . . . Annual Greenwich Village Revel: Webster Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 16. . . The Mad Arts Ball: Webster Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 17.

FASHION SHOW—"Styles from Dawn to Dusk," fashion show and luncheon for the benefit of the Generosity Thrift Shop: Ballroom, Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Aft., Apr. 15, at 1.

LAMBS GAMBOL—Annual Lambs Club dinner, dance, and entertainment: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Apr. 17.

PLANETARIUM—The lecture for April at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "Other Worlds Than Ours." Weekdays at 2, 3, 4, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Nineteenth-century paintings, including English, Barbizon School, and American: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 8, at 8:15. . . . Tapestries, furniture, and silver: Fri. Aft., Apr. 9, at 2. . . . Pearl and diamond jewelry, property of the late Alice W. Emmet: Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 2. . . . First editions, autographs, Americana, stamps, and miniatures: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Apr. 14 and 15, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

NATIONAL MUSIC LEAGUE—Ernest Hutcheson and Alfred Wallenstein's orchestra will be heard on the first of a new series of weekly concerts: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 8, at 8, WOR.

WERNER JANSSEN—Conducting the Helsingfors Municipal Orchestra in Sibelius' Sixth Symphony: Fri. Aft., Apr. 9, at 1:05, WEAF.

PAUL HINDEMITH—The modern composer and viola virtuoso, assisted by Frederick Jagel, Georges Barrère, Jesu Maria Sanroma, and the Dessoff Choir, in a program of his own compositions: Sat. Morn., Apr. 10, at 11:15, WABC.

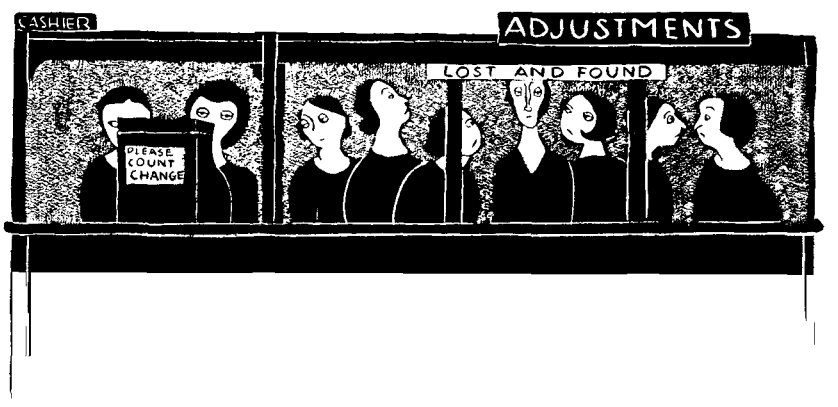
METROPOLITAN OPERA—"*Cavalleria Rusticana*" and "Hänsel und Gretel," broadcast from Boston: Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 2, WEAF.

THE FALL OF THE CITY—Archibald MacLeish's poetic drama written especially for radio presentation: Sun. Eve., Apr. 11, at 7, WABC.

RUGGIERO RICCI—Violin soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., Apr. 11, at 9, WABC.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—*Addressing the governing* board of the Pan American Union: Wed. Morn., Apr. 14, at 11, WABC.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES (Listing is chronological)—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. at 2, WJZ; Tues. at 2:30, WJZ. . . . Westminster Choir: Thurs. at 4, WABC. . . . Alexander Woollcott: Thurs. and Tues. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Rudy Vallée's *Varieties*: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . *Lanny Ross* and Al Goodman: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . America's Town Meeting: Thurs. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Bing Crosby's Music Hall: Thurs. at 10, WEAF. . . . March of Time: Thurs. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. at 2, WEAF-WJZ. . . . Cincinnati Symphony, Goossens conducting: Fri. at 3, WABC. . . . *Hollywood Hotel*: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Deems Taylor: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting: Fri. at 10, WABC. . . . Abram Chasins: Sat. at 12 noon, WEAF. . . . WPA Composers Forum Laboratory Concert: Sat. at 5:30, WQXR. . . . Ed Wynn: Sat. at 8, WJZ. . . . Grace Moore, Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Joe Cook: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . Oxford String Quartet: Sun. at 7, WQXR. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WEAF. . . . Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Victor Moore and Helen Broderick: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Gladys Swarthout: Sun. at 10, WEAF. . . . Burns and Allen: Mon. at 8, WEAF. . . . Al Jolson: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, and Johnny Green: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta: Tues. at 10, WOR. . . . Beatrice Lillie: Wed. at 8, WJZ. . . . Helen Menken: Wed. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. (Times are P.M.)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

take extra care of these 3 trouble areas

YOUR NOSE

Noses have a tendency toward large pores, blackheads. Much in need of Dorothy Gray Cream 683! Its thorough, bland cleansing loosens accumulations. Adds the enchantment of clearness, fineness to your skin! *Cream 683, dry-skin cleanser, $1. Salon Cold Cream, for normal and oily skins, $1.*

YOUR EYES

A drying skin falls into lines... especially around the eyes. The Dorothy Gray Salons say "fight lines by opposing dryness!" So use Special Dry-Skin Mixture. Its fine oils, plus Vitamin D, encourage smooth, supple skin. *Special Dry-Skin Mixture, $2.25.*

YOUR THROAT

Fight every would-be neck wrinkle with applications of Dorothy Gray Throat Cream. Pat in briskly to stimulate local circulation. Its rich lubrication and Vitamin D teach your throat to look as youthful as your face! *Throat Cream, with single chin strap, $2.*

WHEN VITAMIN D IS ADDED TO FINE EMOLLIENTS...

your skin wins a double defense against age signs! Rich lubricants in Dorothy Gray Salon emollients combat dryness and lines. And the Vitamin D is *absorbed* by your skin... gives it some of the benefits of sunshine. With faithful Dorothy Gray care, coloring clears and brightens. Skin texture feels softer. Your skin blooms!

Dorothy Gray
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

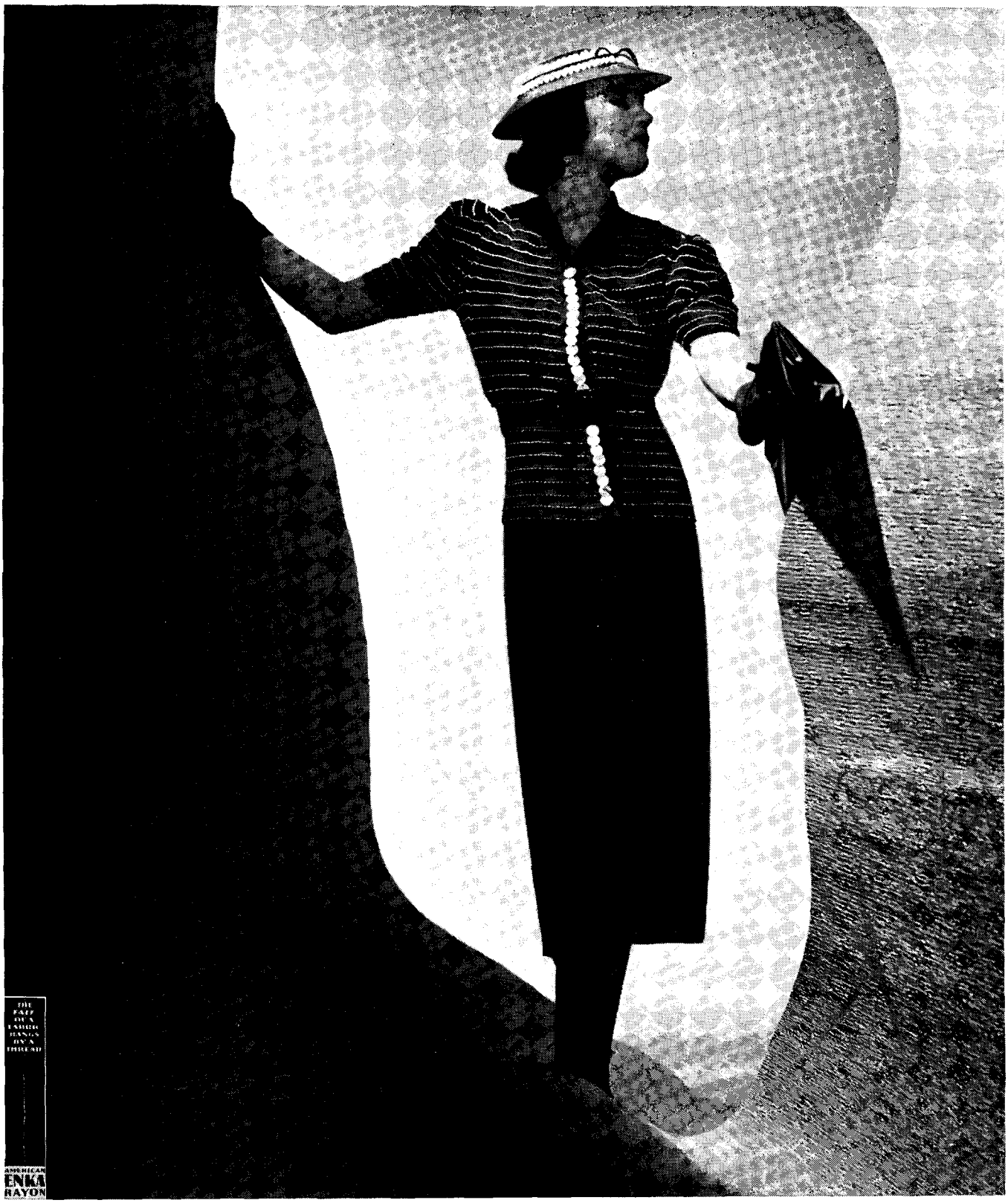
Copyright 1937 by Dorothy Gray Co., Ltd.

JEWELS BY CARTIER...*Ring*, a rectangular-cut diamond, weighing 30 carats. *Diamond Bracelets*, in supple triple strands, framing sapphires. *Diamond Ear-Clips. Diamond Clip-Brooch*, emphasizing sapphire group.

MAKE-UP BY DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...*Face Powder* in Natural. *Lipstick* in Blush. Eyelashes intriguingly accented with the subtle *Blue*

For the Coronation and Summer Travels Abroad you will find Dorothy Gray services available in London: Francis, Ltd., 3, Hanover Square W.I. Paris: Dorothy Gray (France) S.A. 34, Avenue George V. Also Stockholm, The Hague, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, Cannes. DOROTHY GRAY SALONS ... a corporation, successor to Dorothy Gray ...

LIBRARY.TOMUSEUM.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



lace in fine stripes... the newest interpretation of the vogue for stripes, on Chifforib, interesting new sheer of Enka Rayon. 12-20. Navy and black. 22.95 daytime dresses... third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

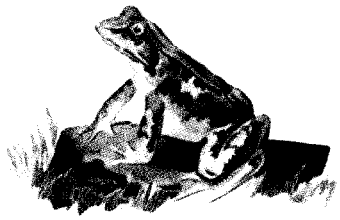
BUT IS THIS JUST "ANOTHER SPRING?"

NOT many mornings from now the jonquils will begin to come up in that sheltered bed that gets all the sun.

Not so many moons from now you are going to find it a lot more comfortable to go to lunch without a topcoat.

Not so many dusks from now you are going to hear the winter stillness broken by the shrill-voiced advance guard of the army of spring peepers.

Then you'll know it is spring again. But we don't believe that this is just "another spring."



This year, as the ice goes out of the lakes, we believe a lot of the ice is going out of living.

The past twelve months have seen an easing of the tension under which most of us have lived. This year we can think more of having fun . . . of getting some of the things we've longed for and done without during the leaner years.

This year we believe that many a golfer is going to start the season with the fine set of matched golf clubs he has been eyeing with envy.

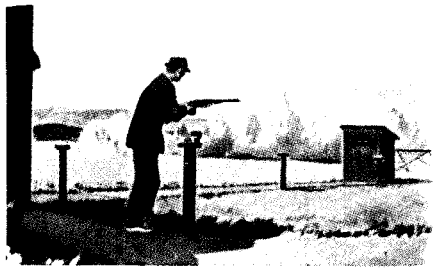
We believe that the fly fisherman is going out to buy the rod which has just the action he has wanted. We believe that many a skeet shooter is going to lay aside his old gun for a new one with

the fit and pattern he has long felt would spell the elusive 25 x 25.

And we believe that many a man to whom a motor car is more than simply steel and rubber and transportation is going to make this the year when he gets the car he has always wanted—a Packard.

The urge to own a Packard goes back to boyhood—not simply to last year's Auto Show. The things that Packard stands for—the things that only Packard can give you—are part of the heritage of America's proudest motor car.

And now it is easy—easier than ever before—to own a Packard. For Packard has entered the low-price field with two

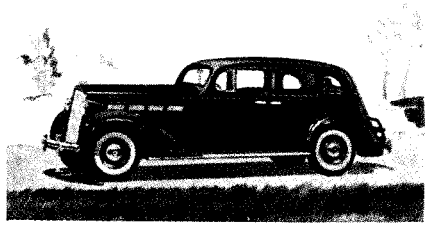


genuine and thrilling *Packard* cars—the Packard 120 and the Packard Six. Both are *real* Packards mechanically. Both have the traditional Packard lines, which make a Packard the smartest car on the roads today, which keep it smart year after year.

See these new Packards! Drive them. And learn, to your pleasant surprise, how easily either a Packard 120 or a Packard Six can be purchased out of income, and how economical it is to own.

• • •

Every Tuesday night—THE PACKARD HOUR, starring Fred Astaire—NBC Blue Network, Coast-to-Coast, 9:30 Eastern Standard Time.



PACKARD

PACKARD 120 ★ PACKARD SIX

Let your Packard dealer give you complete price information and tell you the easy terms by which you can own a Packard. Ask for booklet "The Business of Buying and Owning A Motor Car," an invaluable guide in the selection of any car.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE *Rest* OF YOUR LIFE

Bermuda
PLEASURE ISLAND

BERMUDA . . . where the gracious mode of life is a tribute to the best British *tradition of civilized, peaceful living.*

The charming restfulness of life in Bermuda is found nowhere else, for no other habitat of man contributes so fully toward an ideal existence. Here Nature and Parliament, working hand in hand, bar the garish, the noisy and the enervating. Together, they exclude extremes of temperature . . . the grime of commerce . . . motor traffic and billboards . . . hay fever . . . violence and crime . . . haste and worry.

Hence, a fascinating peace permeates every phase of Bermudian life. Peace follows coral roads past fragrant hedges of oleanders and hibiscus. Peace moves *with the breeze through whispering* palms and cedars . . . hovers above splendid golf courses . . . dwells on bathing beaches of pink sand—beaches *washed by surf luminous with lovely* rainbow colours. In Bermuda, life becomes superlatively worth while. For this British colony . . . favoured by Nature and fostered by a wise people . . . endows life with a serene delight that is the final triumph of the art of living.

"BUT CAN I AFFORD BERMUDA?"

• The inexpensiveness of Bermuda always surprises those making their first visit. Round-trip passage (with private bath) on a luxurious liner costs as low as **$60** for four joyous days at sea. In Bermuda the many attractive hotels and cottages offer accommodations at a wide price range.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City. In Canada, Sun Life Building, Montreal

The Great VERMOUTH LEAGUE *of Nations*

INTERNATIONAL differences may come and go but on one thing all civilized nations agree: Martini & Rossi, the vermouth the sun never sets on. Rated world's *second* best appetizer (outranked as palate sharpener only by exercise) it is making meals taste better in democracies, kingdoms, regencies and totalitarian states—in cocktails, straight or with soda.

Peace at Geneva: League of Nations attachés take a respite from the troubles of the world in a glass of Martini & Rossi, straight. League buildings in background.

A Quick One in Pittsburgh: Martini & Rossi makes fine Dry Martinis in the bar of the W.... P... Hotel, famous for its murals of dancing girls which unfortunately we're *not* permitted to show.

Refreshment in Morocco: Young officer and his guide relax over Martini & Rossi after a trip around Tangier. Snapped near the *kasbah* (market place) in the Cafe Brasserie de Rome.

Alco. by Vol. 15.95% Alco. by Vol. 18%

The sun never sets on

MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

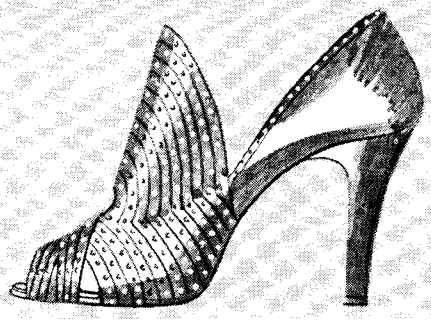
open shank in gabardine . . .
our prized Militaire, its edges whipped with fine leather. **14.75**

open throat in bright calf . . .
Greek-like strap, crossing your instep. Patent or gabardine. **14.75**

open heel and open toe . . .
shiny as a town car in black patent; also gabardine-and-patent. **14.75**

open heel in patent leather . . .
a mockery of a shoe; open toe, heel, stepladder front. Also calf. **15.75**

open perforations in calf . . .
gauntlet pulled up over instep; blue or tan calf, black patent. **13.75**



openings of note . . . five brilliant shoes . . . their drama shining brightest in places where they stop being shoes and become outlines for your foot, second floor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

APRIL can't expect to be all things to all men. This is the month when sidewalk-café proprietors think bitterly of Joyce Kilmer, knowing

only too well that not even God can make a tree which will last a restaurant more than one season.

THE Public Library got a phone call from somebody at Saks-Fifth Avenue the other day. It was a request for pictures of "a female Pan." The phone-answerer at the Library considered the matter calmly for a moment, then told Saks to go along, there wasn't any she-Pan. Saks was hard to convince. Finally, though, the store backed down and took a regular Pan. (It was in connection with a sale in their cloven-hoof department.)

WE do not profess to understand the philosophy of merchandising, but we are willing to go on studying it, just as we have for many years. On the radio we heard a voice say that Angelus lipstick kept lips "ravishing yet virginal." It seems to us highly important to examine this apparent contradiction and to find out where the manufacturer really stands on the question, what his desires and hopes are for the girls who use his product. Does he want them to be ravished, or does he want them to remain virgins? If his desire is that they look ravishing, yet remain untarnished, then what are his feelings, if any, toward the males for whose benefit the cosmetic is applied and whose lot it is to be attracted yet repelled? We think the public has a right to inquire into these things, and be instructed. It is possible that a manufacturer of lipstick has no genuine interest in the potentials of his product. It is also possible that we men, faced with women who are equipped to be both maid and wanton, are deliberately being taken for a sleigh ride.

BOURJOIS, the scent-maker, points out that romance doesn't just happen: it is won by wearing a perfume called Evening in Paris. And there is the daring new odeur, Gabilla's Sinful Soul, exotic and naughty. One would say that ladies are now enabled to ask, in the language of the odeur, for love licit or illicit, for enduring fidelity or for the wanton tweak. Let

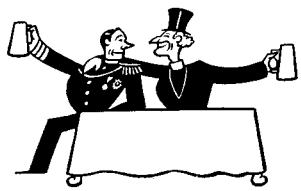
us hope that the ladies, with their fragrances, are not embarrassed by a too great confidence in the New York male's sense of smell, debauched as it is by blowing dust, burned motor fuels, and desiccating office heat. How can the ladies tell, anyway, what smells are associated with romance in a gentleman's subconscious? For one it is the torpid, alkaline smell of the Interborough; for another, the pure prickle of new linen unfolded by hands suddenly adored; for another, the drying of wet wool before a great fire. Perhaps Elizabeth Arden is wisest—she wants the ladies to smell like a rolling Kentucky landscape, which really takes in quite a lot.

WE award our impartiality prize of the year to the Filmarte Theatre, on Fifty-eighth Street. When "Tsar to Lenin" was showing there, some Stalinites picketed the place and the atre responded with a huge sign which began: "PLEASE RESPECT OUR PICKETS . . ."

PROBABLY everyone has his own particular little section of the telephone directory that he likes above all the rest. Our favorite passage is on page 983, bottom of column one. We can't explain why we find this part beautiful. We can only quote:

Twerdowsky Avron
Twett Alf
Twickenham Pictures Co
Twiesselmann Peter
Twigg Jas J inv sec
Twin Bros crpt clnrs
Twin Disc Clutch Parts & Service Co
Twin Point Pen-O-Pencil Co
Twiname Wm J
Twinem Francis Patton MD
Twins The advtg artist
Twinvolute Pump Co
Twiss J Hayden The House of advtg
Twisted Jute Packing and Oakum Institute
Twistum Toy Factory
Twitchell Pierrepont E lwyr
Twitty Alston

A FRIEND of ours who spent a year at Oxford has received a circular from the Trinity Audit Ale Association, Ltd., of this city, inviting Cambridge and Oxford men in the United States to participate in the



"American quota" of Trinity Audit Ale, a handmade brew which has been joyfully swigged at Trinity College for some six hundred years. By far the most invigorating thing about the circular is that in the list of "Lord Patrons of the Ale" the Duke of Windsor and the Archbishop of Canterbury are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er. Does this mean a reconciliation, and a convivial one at that?

Incidentally, the Association seems to be operating just about the most exclusive little business in town. To get in on this private brew, you either have to be a Cambridge or an Oxford man or else be nominated by one. The price is fifteen dollars for a case of twelve bottles (champagne-quart size); and as near as we can make out, you have to wait almost a year for a drink after putting in your order. Taverns, bars, hotels, and suchlike riffraff are not allowed to buy any. Other Lord Patrons, whom you might like to toast the next time you have a beer, include Edward the Black Prince, Queen Mary, Sir Isaac Newton, the Lord Bishop of Mombasa, and Peter Saxton, "famed in Massachusetts for the name of his daughter, Silent Pool."

Encounter

WHILE in New York on his spring vacation, a lad we know had quite a pleasant encounter with a brisk old gentleman. Our young friend was standing in front of Spalding's, admiring the catcher's mitts in the window, when a voice behind him said, "Hello, Joseph." Since his name is not Joseph, the lad turned around in some surprise, to find the old gentleman peering into his face. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I've made a mistake. From the back, you look like my nephew Joseph." He started to march away, then stopped. "It's just as well you're *not* Joseph," he added. "He's a perfectly horrible boy."

Pavlova's Partner

MIKHAIL MORDKIN, who in 1910 appeared at the Metropolitan Opera with Pavlova, giving the city its first glimpse of the Russian ballet, danced again last Sunday, at the Majestic Theatre, in one of the two pieces presented by his own company, the Mordkin Ballet. Mordkin is now forty-nine, which is pretty well along for a dancer, but he is still husky and handsome. He did the choreography for both ballets ("Giselle," with music by Adolphe Charles Adam, and "Goldfish," music by Tcherepnin) and rehearsed the company, most of whom are his own pupils. We dropped in on a rehearsal, and found it lively to the point of hysteria. Mordkin, in an old brown overcoat, stamped and jumped in time to the music, and yelled incessantly at the dancers. When the boys and girls were doing well, he yelled, "Damn O.K.!" When things went wrong, he waved his arms in circles and yelled, "Maunkey business! Maunkey business!" When the rehearsal was over, he took us back to his studio in Carnegie Hall and, with what was left of his voice, told us about himself.

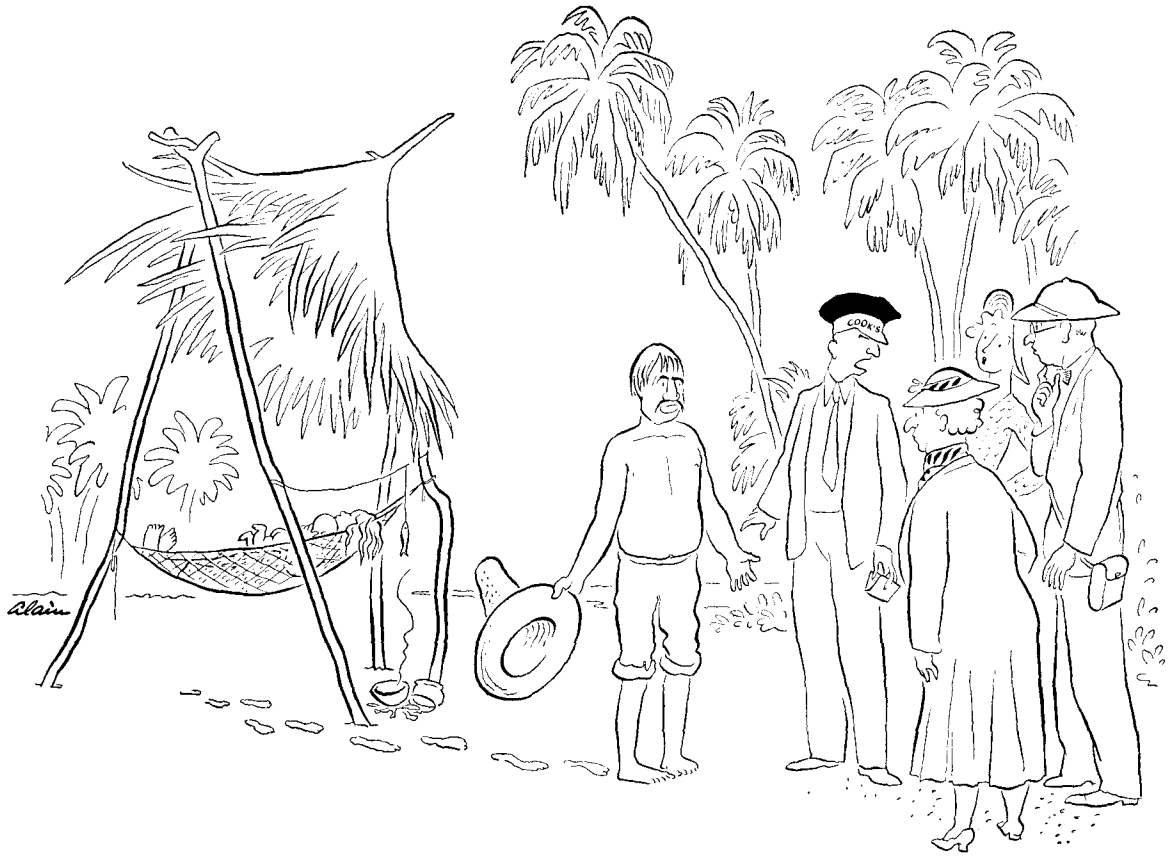
Mordkin has been in the country since 1925, pretty well known in ballet circles, but otherwise inconspicuous. He gives lessons in the Carnegie Hall studio to some two hundred pupils, assisted by his wife, Bronislava Pojizkaya, who danced in the same company with him twenty-five years ago. They live on West Ninety-fifth Street, and have a son, Mikhail, Jr. He works for a local printing firm, and has no interest whatever in dancing. Mordkin's interest hasn't faded the least bit, in spite of the fact that he has been dancing and teaching for forty years. He entered the Imperial Ballet School at Moscow when he was nine, and when he graduated, at the age of seventeen, he was made ballet master of the School. Meanwhile, in St. Petersburg, Pavlova was becoming as adept as he was, and in 1905 they first danced together, in Moscow. After that he danced with the Moscow Ballet and, during its famous first season in Paris, with the Ballet Russe. Otto Kahn brought him and Pavlova to the Met in 1910. That year they just danced solos and duets, but the following two seasons appeared with a complete ballet, making a coast-to-coast tour. After that, Mordkin returned to Russia, and, though he danced and directed busily, he was pretty well forgotten by Americans. He survived the change of regime in Russia, getting the post of ballet director in Moscow's State Theatre, but in 1925 got into a row

"This is the round that starts them weeping for the Spanish Loyalists."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his Red bosses and came over here.

Mordkin has taught people like Paul Haakon, William Dollar, Kyra Nijinsky (Nijinsky's daughter), Francine Larrimore, and Katharine Hepburn. He and Hepburn hit it off pretty well: her photograph, inscribed "With my love and infinite gratitude," is among the hundreds on his studio wall, and Mordkin says of her, "Soch a worker! *Soch* a worker! I am *so* happy to was teach her!" Another picture on the wall is of Pavlova, whom he calls "My pretty baby," and recognizes as the greatest woman dancer he has ever seen. Of Nijinsky, he says, a little sourly, "He got biggest poobblicity poosh." He refuses to discuss any of the scandal about Nijinsky. "What interest is it to write like that? To me, maunkey business." He plans to write a book himself, but without maunkey business. "Will have in it," he says, "none this personal dirty stuff—will be *all* about technique the ballet."



"He says, 'My house is your house.'"

•

General Information: Macy's has removed "Anthony Adverse" from the "Current Fiction" counter to a permanent place among "Standard Works." All the correspondence and memoranda dealing with the Easter-rabbit display on the Radio City promenade has been placed in a file, now closed, marked "Bunny Procedure." Stewart's Cafeteria at Thirty-fourth and Lexington has a sign in its window inviting you to "Revive Your Stagnancy With a Vegex Cocktail."

Boom in Locks

Locksmiths who are primarily self-interested welcome a good murder case, for it means a boom in business. We'd been told this was so, and a few hours' work by one of our research men proved it true. The recent Gedeon case, although there was no reason to believe that a faulty lock was involved, has been keeping locksmiths busy all over town. Charles Courtney ("Largest Assortment of Locks and Keys in the Country") told our man at his shop in the International Building that he had been overwhelmed with orders; had a two-hundred-per-cent increase. Some folks wanted their locks inspected, some wanted new ones put in, and some wanted auxiliary locks or other safeguards against intrusion. The ordinary chain and slot was the item most in demand at Mr. Courtney's, with the peephole or "inquirer" coming next. For people with glass-panelled doors, there is now a "double-cylinder, dead-bolt" lock, which can't be opened even if an intruder shoves his hand through the pane and tries to manipulate it from the inside. Most reassuring of all, however, is a complicated form of chain and slot called a "double-twist bolt, rim lock with chain." The chain allows the door to open only a couple of inches, so you can see your caller; then, to admit him, you have to close the door and lock it again before you can disconnect the chain and open up. The Segal people reported a big upswing in sales, though not as great as after the Beekman Place and Jackson Heights killings. If the crime is directly tied up with a forced lock, it's their policy to advertise. "It can happen to you," they proclaim. "Protect your family with a new C-666 key-releasing Segal . . ." This time, advertising didn't seem justified.

Our man looked in on a couple of neighborhood locksmiths and found Charles Negreponte, whose shop is a block from the Gedeon apartment, going as hard as he could go. His business was up from half a dozen calls a day to seventy-five. The Beekman Key Shop reported that it had had a seventy-five-per-cent increase in business after the Beekman Place case of last year, but only a thirty-per-cent upswing this time.

Little Jaunt

This town seems to be alive with quaint olde subway guardes, and we regret the day we ever started reporting on them. Just one more, then, and we'll swear off for good. The guard in question is on one of the Times Square shuttle trains. A disorganized old lady rushed up to him as we entered the train, and said, "Do you go to Brooklyn?" "No, Madam, we do not," he said, and then, presumably to soften

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the blow, added, "We're just going a short way."

Première

THEY opened another building for tenancy at Rockefeller Center the first day of this month. It's on the south side of the Sunken Plaza and runs from Forty-eighth to Forty-ninth Street. It is thirty-six stories high and is (hold tight to this page) the last of the big buildings planned for the group. We were on hand promptly at nine o'clock, being curious to see what happens at the opening of a skyscraper. Very little happened, really. No formalities, no Mayor LaGuardia, no Rockefellers that we could identify. All practical matters had been taken care of ahead of time, of course. Inspectors from the Bureau of Buildings had been all over the place a few days before, and left a "Certificate of Occupancy," a document which every building must have before it can open. The owners, Rockefeller Center, Inc., had previously done their testing, and at midnight, March 31st, precisely, control and legal responsibility for the building passed from the contractors, Barr, Irons & Lane, to the Rockefellers. This was an important moment—in case of fire, or somebody falling downstairs—but went completely unnoticed, so far as we could learn, by everybody, including the Messrs. Barr, Irons & Lane and the merrymakers in the Rainbow Room.

At 9 A.M., April 1st, things were mildly chaotic, and a little dusty. The Gardner Advertising Company had long since become the first tenant. They'd moved in shortly after midnight, real early birds, who couldn't waste a day. That had started the bustle, and now workmen, movers, renting agents, and messenger boys hurried about, colliding with each other. The information desk was open for business and on it was a bowl of gladiolas, which could not cope with the smell of fresh plaster in the air. In one corner a group of workmen crouched at the head of an escalator, stopping it, starting it, and staring at it thoughtfully. The directory board in the lobby was a long, black desert, with only a few names—such as the Gardner Company's—picked out in white here and there. We sought out a Mr. Springer of the Rockefeller organization, and he told us that the building, however, is forty per cent rented. The Girl Scouts have taken space there, as have Gilbert Miller; G. H. Conn, the saxophone-makers; the MacArthur Concrete Pile Corp.; and Yawman & Erbe, manufacturers of office files. Sounds like the makings of a happy family. Everybody, from Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., down, is tremendously pleased about Yawman & Erbe, as for fifty-six years the old firm has never had its main office north of Canal Street.

Name

AS if there weren't enough things to worry us right here in New York, we have received from Battle Creek, Michigan, a billhead of the Battle Creek Garbage Company, "Supervisor of Used Foods."

No Problem

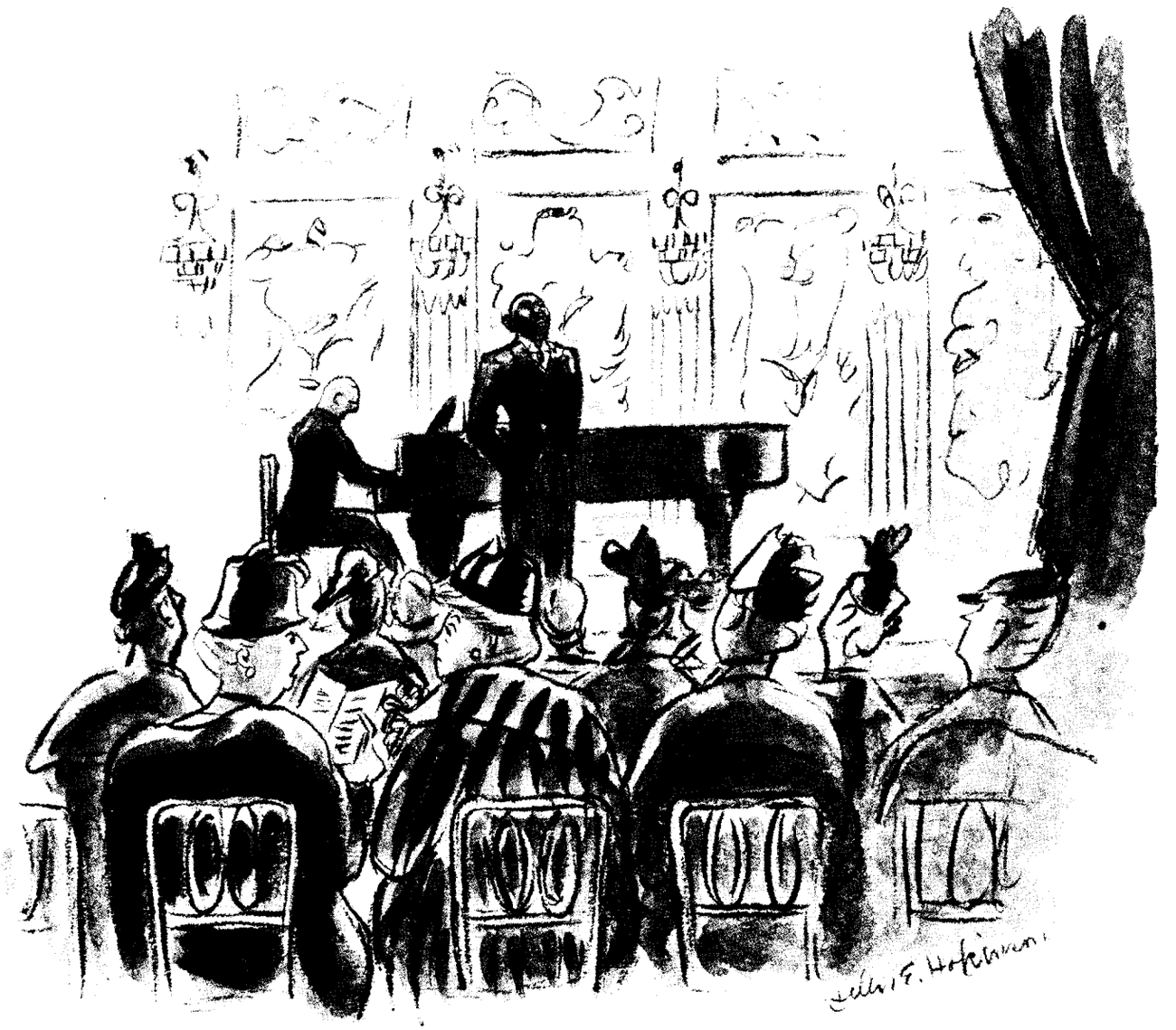
ALL winter we've had a notion that we ought to inquire into the degree of success the government has had as a theatrical producer, and this week we swung into action, well ahead of the warm weather. We vaguely suspected that some of the more successful WPA shows might have turned profitable and be pouring money back into the federal treasury, and we worried over what the government would do in such a situation. Turns out that our fretting was completely unnecessary. Our research was connected primarily with "Dr. Faustus," current at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, which may be taken as a typical successful government offering. It usually plays to S.R.O. and admission is from fifteen to fifty-five cents. Its average weekly gross has been $1,900. That's for the credit side of the ledger. Against this sum are all the costs of running the show. First there is $400 weekly for the theatre, flat rental with no attendants included. Then the labor costs. Forty-three of the forty-four actors in the play receive $23.86 a week. The forty-fourth actor, who helped produce the play, is a $37-a-week man. Three stage managers and two wardrobe mistresses get $23.86. The director gets $47 a week, a business manager $37. Twenty stagehands get $23.86 a week, and have a special and peculiar arrangement, through their union. Ten of them work for two weeks and then the other ten for two weeks, but all twenty are paid every week. They figure that as a ninety-six-hour month for all concerned. Eight ushers get $13.96 a week each, for two hours an evening. The same is paid six porters, four watchmen, two matrons, and four guards. Two ticket-sellers get $23.86, and so do eleven musicians. That's the labor costs, and only advertising and original production expenses remain. The advertising appropriation is $100 a week, which is taken from box-office receipts, and the production costs—rehearsals, sets, and costumes—are $1,500, which may fairly be divided over a fifteen-week period.

Every night a bonded messenger appears and takes away the day's receipts, delivering them to the Federal Reserve Bank. The income in no week has been near the amount expended. Not to go into a detailed recapitulation, "Dr. Faustus," playing almost at capacity, loses $1,088 a week. No WPA theatre production here has ever made money. The New Deal hasn't had to face *that* crisis.

Specialist

AMONG the visitors in town at the moment is the world's champion flag-thrower, Mr. Franz Hug. An expert flag-thrower handles a flag much as a drum major handles a baton, swinging it around his body, under his legs, tossing it thirty or forty feet into the air, never, of course, letting it touch the ground. We interviewed Mr. Hug in his room at the Hotel Lincoln on Eighth Avenue. He is tall, blond, and thirty-three years of age. So far as he knows, he is the first champion flag-thrower to come to this country. Flag-throwing is a Swiss art. Mr. Hug was a special guest at the last Olympic Games. On opening day, in the "Entrance of the Nations," he came immediately behind the standard-bearers and the officers, all alone. He threw the Swiss flag and the Olympic banner both forty feet in the air and never missed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"This is very unusual for the Plaza, isn't it?"

• •

once, although there was a stiff wind. In 1930, Mr. Hug threw flags for King Alfonso in a palace park near Barcelona, and in 1933 he threw flags for the King of Siam in Switzerland. He has won the last two Swiss Cantonal flag-throwing contests, which are held every few years, and that's how he's champion. Nobody knows why the Swiss throw flags. Mr. Hug doesn't. The herdsmen have been doing it for hundreds of years, though, as they lead their flocks in the mountains, and it's definitely a national habit.

Mr. Hug also blows the alpenhorn. An alpenhorn is usually three feet long, but Mr. Hug has one with him twelve feet in length, made of a small Swiss spruce. It rests on the ground when he blows it. In Switzerland, the alpenhorns are used to call the kine in of an evening. The sound usually comes echoing back three or four times from the mountains, rather like organ music. Mr. Hug blew his horn for us in the Hotel Lincoln and it sounded like something lost and sorrowing for home. "Not so good," said Mr. Hug. "Needs mountains."

Mr. Hug is here on a year's leave from the Swiss postal service. Some American tourists advised him to come to America, and here he is. He hopes to go into circus or vaudeville work. In Switzerland, Mr. Hug delivers letters and parcels three times a day to three hundred and forty families of Lucerne. This takes only six hours, and the rest of the time he is free. He has bachelor quarters in the Gesellenhaus (a sort of Y.M.C.A.), a sunny room with his pictures on the wall, and a window he can sit in, play the accordion, and watch the white clouds float by. He has a sailboat for the lake and an automobile for the mountain roads, and how he ever wound up at Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street is one of those sad puzzles of this life.

Prowess

A TRIO of bright little boys entered the Metropolitan Museum Wednesday afternoon, and made for the Egyptian exhibits, where they told an attendant that they had come to see "the dead men." He showed them where the mummies were, and they stood in front of the cases for about fifteen minutes, just looking. As they were going out, one of the innocents approached the attendant and asked, "You kill and stuff them yourself?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There's a lull in the market right now, honey. Why don't we seize it?"

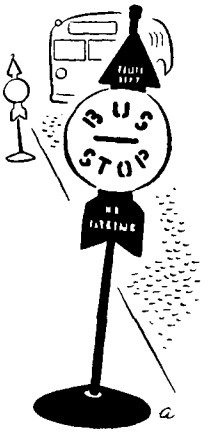
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT ARE THE LEFTISTS SAYING?

FOR a long time I have had the idea that it would be interesting to attempt to explain to an average worker what the leftist, or socially conscious, literary critics are trying to say. Since these critics are essentially concerned with the improvement of the worker's status, it seems fitting and proper that the worker should be educated in the meaning of their pronouncements. The critics themselves believe, of course, in the education of the worker, but they are divided into two schools about it: those who believe the worker should be taught beforehand why there must be a revolution, and those who believe that he should be taught afterward why there was one. This is but one of many two-school systems which divide the leftist intellectuals and keep them so busy in controversy that the worker is pretty much left out of things. It is my plan to escort a worker to a hypothetical, but typical, gathering of leftist literary critics and interpret for him, insofar as I can, what is being said there. The worker is likely to be so confused at first, and so neglected, that he will want to slip out and go to Minsky's; but it is important that he stay, and I hope that he has already taken a chair and removed his hat. I shall sit beside him and try to clarify what is going on.

Nothing, I must explain while we are waiting for the gentlemen to gather, is going to be easy. This is partly because it is a primary tenet of leftist criticism to avoid what is known as Oversimplification. This is a word our worker is going to encounter frequently at the gathering of critics and it is important that he understand what it means. Let me get at it by quoting a sentence from a recent review in *The Nation* by a socially conscious critic: "In so far as men assert and counter-assert, you can draw an assertion from the comparison of their assertions." As it stands, that is not oversimplified, because no one can point to any exact or absolute meaning it has. Now I will oversimplify it. A says, "Babe Ruth is dead" (assertion). B says, "Babe Ruth is alive" (counter-assertion). C says, "You guys seem to disagree" (assertion drawn from comparison of assertions). Here I have brought the critic's sentence down to a definite meaning by providing a concrete instance. Leftist criticism does not believe in that, contending that all thought is in a state of motion, and that in every thought there exist simultaneously "being," "non-being," and "becoming," and that in the end every thought disappears by being absorbed into its opposite. I am afraid that I am oversimplifying again.

Let us get back to our meeting. About sixteen leftist literary critics have now gathered in the room. Several are talking and the others are not so much listening as waiting for an opening. Let us cock an ear toward Mr. Hubert Camberwell. Mr. Camberwell is saying, "Sinclair Lewis has dramatized the process of disintegration, as well as his own dilemma, in the outlines of his novels, in the progress of his characters, and sometimes, and most painfully, in the lapses of taste and precision that periodically weaken the structure of his prose." This is a typical leftist critic's sentence. It has a facile, portentous swing, it damns a prominent author to hell, and it covers a tremendous amount of ground. It also has an air of authority, and because of this the other critics will attack it. Up speaks a Mr. Scholzweig: "But you cannot, with lapses of any kind, *dramatize* a process, you can only *annotate* it." This is a minor criticism, at best, but it is the only one Mr. Scholzweig can think of, because he agrees in general with what has been said about Sinclair Lewis (whose books he has never been able to read). At this point Donald Crowley announces that as yet nobody has *defined* anything; that is, nobody has defined "lapses," "dramatize," "process," or "annotate." While a small, excited man in shell-rim glasses is asking him how he would define the word "definition" in a world of flux, let us listen to Mr. Herman Bernheim. Mr. Bernheim is muttering something about Camberwell's "methodology" and his failure to "implement" his argument. Now, "methodology," as the leftist intellectuals use it, means any given wrong method of approach to a subject. "To implement" means (1) to have at the tip of one's tongue everything that has been written by any leftist since Marx, for the purpose of denying it, and (2) to possess and make use of historical references that begin like this: "Because of the more solidly articulated structure of French society, the deep-seated sentiments and prejudices of the northern French, and the greater geographical and political accessibility of France to the propaganda of the counter-Reformation," etc., etc.



The critics have by this time got pretty far away from Camberwell's analysis of Sinclair Lewis, but this is the customary procedure when leftists begin refuting one another's statements, and is one phase of what is known as "dialectic." Dialectic, in this instance, means the process of discriminating one's own truth from the other person's error. This leads to "factionalism," another word our worker must be familiar with. Factionalism is that process of disputation by means of which the main point at issue is lost sight of. Now, the main point at issue here—namely, the analysis of Sinclair Lewis—becomes even more blurred by the fact that a critic named Kyle Forsythe, who has just come into the room, gets the erroneous notion that everybody is discussing Upton Sinclair. He begins, although it is not at all relevant, to talk about "escapism." Escapism means the activities of anyone who is not a leftist critic or writer. The discussion, to our worker, will now appear to get so far out of hand that we must bring him a Scotch-and-soda if we are to hold his interest much longer. He will probably want to know whether one leftist intellectual ever agrees with another, and, under cover of the loud talking, I shall explain the one form of agreement which these critics have. I call it the "that he—but when" form of agreement. Let us say that one leftist critic writes in a liberal weekly as follows: "I like poetry, but I don't like Tennyson." Another leftist critic will write, often in the same issue and immediately following the first one's article: "That he likes poetry, we must concede Mr. Blank, but when he says that Tennyson is a great poet, we can only conclude that he does not like poetry at all." This is, of course, greatly oversimplified.

MIDNIGHT eventually arrives at our party and everybody begins "unmasking" everybody else's "ideology." To explain what unmasking an ideology means, I must give an example. Suppose that I were to say to one of the critics at this party, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." He would unmask my ideol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ogy—that is, expose the background of my illusion—by pointing out that I am the son of wealthy bourgeois parents who employed an English butler. This is not true, but my ideology would be unmasked, anyway. It is interesting to note that it takes only one leftist critic to expose anybody's ideology, and that every leftist critic unmasks ideologies in his own special way. In this sense, Marxist criticism is very similar to psychoanalysis. Ideology-unmasking is a great deal like dream interpretation and leads to just as many mystic results.

A general midnight unmasking of ideologies at a gathering of leftist literary critics is pretty exciting, and I hope that a second Scotch-and-soda will persuade our worker to stay. If he does, he will find out that when your ideology is unmasked, you can't do anything with it, because it has no "social currency." In other words, anything that you say or do will have no more validity than Confederate money.

The party now breaks up, without ill feeling, because the critics have all had such a good time at the unmasking. A leftist critic gets as much fun out of disputation, denial, and disparagement as a spaniel puppy gets out of a steak bone. Each one will leave, confident that he has put each of the others in his place and that they realize it. This is known as the "united front." On our way out, however, I must explain to the worker the meaning of an extremely important term in Marxist criticism; namely, "Dialectical Materialism." Dialectical Materialism, then, is based on two fundamental laws of dialectics: the law of the permeation of opposites, or polar unity, and the law of the negation of the negation, or development through opposites. This second proposition is the basic law of all processes of thought. I will first state the law itself and then support it with examples . . . Hey, worker! Wait for baby!

—James Thurber

"They've always brought me up very carefully."

• •

WORM~TURNINGS

A Compiling of Some Recent Instances of Righteous Reprisals by the Long-Suffering

The Locale	The Worm	The Turn
Denver	Anonymous automobilist	He picked up a hitchhiker, robbed him, and dropped him off.
Kansas City	F. L. Oatman	After four years of listening to his wife criticize the way he did the housework, he shot her with a revolver.
Washington	Pasquale Marinacci	He invented a cane with a mechanical shrieker attached, for pedestrians to use to frighten automobilists.
Peiping	Confucianist Society	They arranged to send missionaries to the United States.
Providence	Louis Darman	When injured in an automobile accident, he sued his chauffeur for damages for passing the red light.
Buffalo	August Merckens, Jr.	When police charged him $1 for towing his car away after he had parked it too long, he filed a claim of $20.40 against the city, alleging damages to his machine by the tow car.

—W. E. Farbstein

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VALENTINE FOR SIDNEY KINGSLEY

IT was one o'clock when Nan Howard came out of the casting office. She walked three blocks north, along the edge of Times Square, and gave herself into the revolving doors of the Pennsylvania Drug Company. Her destination was the little back room where actors congregate at lunchtime—those actors who are never in any play. There she found an empty stool and, with her elbows on the counter, looked for friends.

The figure on her right turned and became Lynch, with his small wrists and his delicate, drawn mustache.

"What's new?" he asked. "Are you still going to be in 'One for the Money'?"

"I guess not." Nan lit a cigarette and looked thoughtfully at the match after she had blown it out. "I went there this morning and they told me I was too late." She put the match on the counter.

"Why didn't you go earlier?"

"I did," Nan said. "I went on Monday and Tuesday. And Wednesday the casting director wasn't there."

Lynch leaned toward her sympathetically. "Don't think about it," he said.

"But I can't help thinking about it. They were going to have me read a part. You know, the selfish daughter who never thinks about anything except what she's going to wear. So I bought this skirt for it especially. I haven't bought any clothes in a long time and I got it too large. It doesn't fit the way it should." She looked up and saw the counterman standing before her, and in the same dead, despairing voice said, "Clam chowder and some crackers, please."

"Have you any fresh fruit?" Lynch asked. The counterman shook his head. Lynch turned back to Nan again, without ordering.

"My agent took me to Brock Pemberton's office," he said. "When we got inside, there was Pemberton and there was the author, smoking expensive cigarettes in a long, black holder. Right away the author said, 'Nothing in this play for you.' And I said, 'What do you mean, nothing for me? There are twenty-eight men in it, aren't there?' And he said 'Yes.' '*Well*,' I said, 'do you mean to tell me there are twenty-eight parts for men in this play and I can't do one of them?'—with my agent standing right there."

A small man in a gray suit stopped beside them, his nose done up in bandages.

"You don't use the right system, Lynch."

"Vic!" Nan exclaimed. "What's happened to you?"

"Three guesses," Vic said with dignity. "I'm going out to the Coast."

The room had been noisy before, so that Nan and Lynch were forced to raise their voices slightly to make themselves understood above the clatter. Now it was absolutely quiet.

"But your nose? What's happened to your nose?" Lynch asked.

"Had it straightened," Vic said. "I figure it's a good idea to have your nose straightened before you go out there. Then you don't have to play gangster parts."

Nan looked around and saw that everyone in the place was looking at Vic.

"That's swell," Lynch whispered. "That's pretty swell. Have you signed the contract?"

Vic nodded. "You don't use the right system, Lynch," he said kindly. "Fighting with authors won't get you anywhere."

Then he went down the line, speaking to people and tapping them on the shoulder. Nan discovered the clam chowder in front of her. Once in a while, she thought, something like this happened in the Penn-Astor. Somebody who had been coming here every day for months, just the way she had been doing, suddenly got a Hollywood contract or a part in a play. And then he came here once more to tell about it.

SHE began to eat thoughtfully, with her eyes on the counterman. His arms were bare and folded across his chest, and he was rather nice, Nan thought. Solid, and not like the young actors all about her, who were extremely handsome but with a hard edge to their clothes and to their nostrils, and no thickness anywhere. Looking at the counterman while she ate her soup, Nan knew what he would be like walk-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing down a country road, or in a field ploughing. He did not belong behind this counter.

"What you have to do, Lynch, is go around." Vic had come back now and was standing behind her. "You have to go to casting offices every day."

Out of politeness, and because Vic was a very good person to know, Nan abandoned her soup. Vic's brother and sister were both important in the theatre. She tried not to look at his nose.

"You make friends," Vic said. "*With anybody you can. The phone* girl, the office boy, for about three years. You talk to them and you get to know them."

"I've been doing that," Lynch said, "all the time, and nothing happens."

"Where were you last Saturday morning?"

"They don't see people on Saturday."

"You go around every day, Lynch. I'm telling you. And you make friends with everybody you can for about three years."

There was an alarm clock on the shelf behind the counterman. It was placed in a careful setting of lemons and pineapples. When the counterman moved to one side, Nan looked to see what time it was. On the face of the alarm clock was a picture of the Big, Bad Wolf. The wolf's tail was the minute hand, and it was twenty minutes after one.

"All because I went to high school with the typist," Vic was saying, "in Max Gordon's outer office. And it was a swell part and I was good in it, until they started taking out all the best lines."

It seemed to Nan that she had heard Vic tell this story a hundred times. Or maybe it was a hundred other people telling the same story.

"Listen," she said. "What do you do if you can't wait three years?" She felt her heart pounding while he looked at her, sizing her up, estimating her chances.

"Tell you what, Baby," he said. "You don't use the right system." And he walked away feeling his nose carefully through his bandages.

The counterman laid the check down in front of Nan. It was for twenty cents. Around the corner, and facing her, sat a girl in a green coat and a green suède hat with a pheasant feather in it. Nan took one look and hated her. With a hat like that, and orange lip rouge, she thought. Then, opening her pocketbook, she looked at herself critically in the mirror. Her hair needed cutting, that was the trouble. Where would Cornell be, Nan asked herself, if *she* had to go around to casting offices in long hair and a skirt that was too large for her? Where would Judith Anderson be? Or Nazimova?

But if she had a green suède hat with a feather in it, she could walk into casting offices and say Miss Howard to see Mr. Abbott. By appointment, she could say. And instead of having to wait around in the outer office, *she could go right in. They'd have a* part for her to read, and when she finished, they'd say to come back Monday. And on Monday she would read again until they began to nod at each other. *We were looking for a name,* they would say. *But frankly, Miss Howard, we like you very much. And we can't help thinking* . . . Still in that happy dream, Nan clawed through her pocketbook three times before she was conscious of the fact that there was no money in it. She remembered worrying about her skirt before she left home, moving it round and round to make it fit, and then walking back and forth in front of the mirror; because there was no reason she should have got it too large for her. And the two dimes were on top of the dresser.

"Lynch," Nan said, "can you . . ."

BUT while she was daydreaming, Lynch had gone away quietly without saying goodbye to her. There was no one that she knew or could borrow money from except Vic, who was talking to a group of people over by the door.

"This girl had the right system," Vic was saying. "She went to see 'Dead End,' and there's a young fellow in it that has a twisted leg, and he sits on the end of the pier all through the first act, drawing plans for houses . . ."

If Vic had been alone, Nan was sure that she could have gone up to him and explained what the trouble was. Vic was very generous. *Here, Baby*, he would have said. But with all those people standing around, it wasn't possible. It couldn't be done.

"'All my life,' the fellow with the twisted leg says, 'I've wanted to build houses like these, and I'm going to build them, see? Even if it's only on paper. Because strictly speaking,' he says, 'I'm not even an architect. Before you're an architect, you got to build a house. And before anybody'll let you build them a house, you got to be an architect.' So this girl I know goes and buys a valentine and sends it to Sidney Kingsley, telling him that she's an actress. Or at least she *wants* to be an actress, only she can't until somebody'll let her be in a play . . ."

Nan beckoned to the counterman. "I haven't any money," she said, and lowered her eyes, expecting something dreadful to happen. Expecting him to call the manager in a loud voice, so loud that everybody in the Penn-Astor would hear him and know what *had happened.* "*I had two dimes this* morning," she said. "And I think I left them on top of my dresser." She looked at the counterman's hands, then at his bare arms, and upward along the line of his shoulders until she met his eyes. "I'm awfully sorry," she said.

The counterman smiled. "You can pay me tomorrow," he said.

Nan flushed, realizing suddenly that he liked her. Out of all these people who came in here every day, she was the one he liked. When she didn't come in, he knew it. And when she was late, he knew that, too, and was waiting for her. It was all perfectly plain in the way that he mopped up the counter. When he took the rag in his hands and held it, she wanted to lean forward and tell him that now, for the first time, she liked him, too. But Vic and his group were moving toward the door, and she had to follow Vic. She had to find out about that girl Vic knew who had the right system. Smiling blindly at the counterman, Nan got down from her stool. It might be her one chance. It might be the only way for her ever to get into a play.

"Vic," she said. "Vic, listen to me!" And caught up with him and plucked at his sleeve.

"That girl," she said. "The one who sent the valentine to Sidney Kingsley . . ."

She could tell that Vic didn't want to be bothered now, but that didn't make any difference.

"What about her?" Vic said.

"Did she get an answer? Is Sidney Kingsley going to find a part for her in his next play?"

Vic put an arm on her shoulder. "I don't know, Baby," he said. "I haven't seen her. I haven't seen that girl for a long time now." And the revolving door propelled them both outward to the street. —WILLIAM MAXWELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER PRIZE CONTEST

Be one of the lucky, plucky, industrious ones. What persons are represented by these pictures? The name is ONE of those appearing under the picture.

PUZZLE NO. I

Capt. John Smith
Joan Crawford
George Washington

PUZZLE NO. II

H. G. Wells
Ernest Hemingway
James Knox Polk

PUZZLE NO. III

Buffalo Bill
Pocahontas
William Schwenck Gilbert

PUZZLE NO. IV

Lord Byron
Alfred Tennyson
Millard Fillmore

Cut this coupon, and send it in, preferably without your name and address, neither of which interests us. All you have to do to win one of the PRIZES is to send with the coupon the ashes of one cigarette wrapped up in the sporting page of the New York *Post*. The prize is this copy of THE NEW YORKER, which you may now keep for your very own.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HERRING PIECE

THE woman who owned the Kettle and Anchor was standing behind the zinc when young Arthur came down the stairs at the back after leaving his suitcase in the room. The sign outside said her name was Angie Flower, and once Arthur was in the bar, he could not take his eyes from her serving the men and talking. There was a thin man, a city-looking man, in an overcoat and a hat who stood near to the bar drinking his ale and talking to Mrs. Flower with the glass in his hand held level with his chin. Around the room, on the benches against the wall, the fishermen were sitting.

"I was at the searchlight with Jellicoe at my elbow," one of them said, and Arthur looked for a moment at the man who spoke. He had stained mustaches, spidery-haired, bright golden from tobacco and beer, hanging over his lip, and foul, dark teeth bitten short in his head. "If he was arunning away, he wouldn't have steamed south, would he? He was standing there by I and we were steaming south all night and we could see the lights of the blasted German fleet like cigar butts going out ahead."

"What'll yours be, sir?" said Mrs. Flower's voice, and Arthur turned in confusion to the scarcely perceptible flutter of her lids.

"I'll have a rough cider, please," he said, and the color ran up to his eyes.

He paid for it at once, and as he lifted his glass to drink, he looked again at Mrs. Flower, his eyes, like the eyes of a boy looking at good food, going without apology, but a little shyly, to the powdered flesh held in the tight blue velvet dress, the bare white neck, and the diamond buttons in the white ears. Her hair was not red or anywhere near it, but the color of a tangerine, oily and bright, and she stood just under the green-shaded bulb, her perfectly white hands holding her elbows as she listened to what the thin man in the overcoat said.

"Looks a bit stormy tonight, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Flower, speaking in her carefully uncommon voice to Arthur, watching her accent very well.

"I've heard you have lots of good weather down here," said Arthur, so hurriedly that they could scarcely make out what he was saying. At the roots of her hair there was half an inch of dark showing, but this only made her the more exotic to him, the more bizarre. The man in the overcoat and the brown hat nursed the glass of ale in his fleshless, hairless hand, the end of his pale, obscenely nostrilled nose hanging nearly into the glass. On either side of his head big ears stood out, his brown hat seemingly resting on them.

"That's bad form," he said. "They're touchy down here about their climate. Better talk about something else." His voice was flat and dry and humorless. His hat brim, very neat and new, gave decorum to the sneer, the bile, the dyspepsia of the features below it.

"I suppose you're down here on holiday?" said Mrs. Flower to the boy. She spoke to him with an almost childish sweetness of tone, and she gave him for a moment the small, priceless pearls of her smile.

"Yes," said Arthur. He stirred in a desperate contortion of ease and finished his cider. "I had the flu, you see, and the doctor told me to take a week off and run down to Devon for some sun."

"Ever hear of it, Mrs. Flower?" asked the thin man in the overcoat and hat. His hand nursed the glass of ale before his mouth. "Species of big, round, yellow ball generally believed to be overhead for a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four." The glass gyrated slowly under his nose as he spoke. "S-u-n," he spelled out. "Usually found off the coast of Spain and used to dry clothes with."

"There isn't a sign of fog here on the coast," Mrs. Flower said to Arthur. She was over forty maybe, he thought, but so fresh, so white, so scented, that she might have been a girl. He stood thinking intimately, sensuously, of her as she chose a cigarette out of the pack he held toward her, looking rapt at the peacock-full blue bosom, the velvet's sheen, and the soft, large bal-

"Push his face in, Mickey boy!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looning of the breasts.

"The fog must be pea soup in London tonight," he said, looking.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Flower. "In the city, you can always manage to forget about the weather, I think. And then you've had all the excitement, of course, and that makes a difference."

"Oh, yes, rather," said Arthur. Thinking of the Duke of Windsor, he was suddenly filled with the sense of his own strong, implacable male power.

"I couldn't sleep for weeks, I was so excited," said Mrs. Flower. She held her elbows fast in her two hands and rocked herself on the edge of the counter, the cigarette held tight between her lips.

"As if sleep made any difference," the voice of the man in the overcoat went on behind his glass. "As if I ever got any sleep. I never had any except one night in Madeira once about ten years ago. You stop talking to that young man and get me a drink now, Angie." Mrs. Flower sighed and put down her cigarette and went to the keg of ale behind. Arthur watched her stoop down among the other dark wood kegs with the thin man's glass in her hand. He saw she had light silk stockings on, her flesh quite soft and milky through the mesh, and little rhinestone buttons on her black satin shoes. "Thing about islands is," said the man in the overcoat, "there's water all around them, under them, over them, but that's where Madeira fools you. There isn't any water on top of you in Madeira, none of that nasty invention leaking down all over the roofs and hats of everybody on the island—thing called 'rain.'" Arthur saw Mrs. Flower straighten up and return to the counter. "Holiday!" the man in the overcoat and hat was saying, mixing his fresh ale with the low, drowsy mumbling of his talk. "Hole like this for a holiday! I'm in artificial silks—not wearing them, travelling for them. That's my line. Salesman for pretties, with a sales line that starts going after a couple of pints. I've been supplying Mrs. Flower here for forty-odd years now—"

"Why, Mr. Romsey!" she said, and she slapped at him with her hand.

"I pass through here twice a year," his voice went on, "and there isn't anything about the place I can't tell you. You've made one mistake, young man; this isn't the time of year to come here. You'd better get out before you make another. This is a summer resort, y'see—"

"That'll be fourpence, Mr. Romsey," said Mrs. Flower. Romsey felt for the money in his pocket and paid it out on the counter, but did not turn his head.

"A summer resort," he said, "and this is winter and everything closed except the graveyard, so there's no use hanging around here."

"Rotten luck, I must say," said Arthur. To escape the pressure of Romsey's eye, he pushed his empty glass toward Mrs. Flower. "Let me have another cider, please," he said.

Romsey went right on. "If I were in your place, I'd take a train and go somewhere else. Push on to Land's End. There's a good pub near Mousehole where they'd take care of you. I've got the hours here in my pocket, and I'd go as far as the station with you. I've got nothing to do till tomorrow except talk to Mrs. Flower here."

"Maybe he likes fishing," said Mrs. Flower, smoking again and looking at Arthur. "We have very good fishing here. That's what the gentlemen come down for."

"Fishing," said Romsey, the warm, bitter mouthfuls of what he drank taken

"Well, yes, she has a Southern accent. But if you don't notice it, it goes away."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Take a crank letter."

• •

into the narrow-chested, padded-shouldered, bloodless frame. "Yes, fishing. You go out after filthy little beasts full of bones, you know." He looked with his barren, mournful gaze at Arthur and made a wiggling movement with one hand. Arthur took his purse out and opened it and paid for the second glass of cider.

"I suppose you Londoners feel as bad as we do about it all," said Mrs. Flower. "I can't get over the way he threw it all over for her, an American and twice divorced and everything like that."

"Oh, quite," said Arthur. He looked into his glass, his thoughts of Mrs. Flower now taking monstrous proportions, for he knew that he, too, would have forgone, forsworn, relinquished for anything she promised.

"It was the weather," said Romsey's voice from behind the glass of ale. "Edward the Eighth unable to weather another day of atmosphere which had first been painted a good, substantial, long-wearing green and then used to wipe the city streets with before being wrung out and hung up to dry in the rain. They had to choose," he said. "It was the royal family or the climate. They weren't going to let the old-school climate down." He began shaking with what, for want of a better name, might be called laughter.

Arthur looked at Mrs. Flower and saw she was making a sign to him, and his glass of cider stopped in mid-air as he watched the little, twirling motion of her hand beside her temple.

"Drunk. He's had a bit too—" He saw her lips shaping it, but she did not say it aloud, and with the words she gave Arthur the sweet, untroubled innocence of her smile, secret and child-like, as if making him a promise. You and I know this, she seemed to say; it is something between you and me alone, as other things might be some time shared intimately between us. Arthur felt the strength go from his knees.

"Mrs. Flower," he said, with his voice hoarse, "have you ever been in the pictures? I was thinking a little while back you'd be beautiful in the pictures."

"If you're not going to take that train," Romsey's voice went on, "you'd better consider fishing. A couple of boats are going out now." His close-set eyes were fixed motionless on Arthur. "Once the pub closes down, there's nothing else to do, so you'd better face it. The first night I struck this town, I went upstairs to what's maybe the same room you're sleeping in tonight, and maybe the thing, the same thing you're counting on having happen to you tonight, happened to me." Arthur heard Mrs. Flower stir impatiently behind the bar, but he could not bring himself to lift his eyes. "And another time I came here, and I was going to commit suicide there in that room upstairs, just to give the place a reputation, a little publicity for poor old Angie here. I'd have done it, too, if it wasn't that everything here's a little bit rottener than in any other town on the coast, even the climate, even the women—"

"Mr. Romsey," said Mrs. Flower with dignity, "I'm your hostess for just so long as you—"

"But even the gas here couldn't do me in," the voice went on. "Inferior stuff, inferior like the—"

It might have been that last, pure, promising look of Mrs. Flower's that had made a man of Arthur at last, for he found himself, without surprise, taking Romsey's arm and taking him with decision through the door and into the street outside. It was dark, except for the lights from the pub windows and the street light flickering near the beach.

"I'm inviting you to come out fishing with me tonight," said Romsey, walking not quite straight, his hands in the pockets of the nattily cut overcoat. The rain had not begun to fall yet, perhaps held off by the wind that moved in from the sea. "Not to fish, you understand," said Romsey, "but because there's nothing else to do here. Even the fishermen don't fish. They put in their time going out to sea."

"They might go home to bed," said Arthur shortly. Out in the air, his strength and pride became sweet as music to him, and he walked toward the beach a step or two behind the other man, thinking of Mrs. Flower. In a minute he would get rid of this drunk. He scarcely felt the damp on his face, or the wind.

"You wouldn't," said Romsey, walking not quite straight before him. "You wouldn't go home all night if you saw the women they'd married."

"Well, I'm going back to the pub and get to bed now," said Arthur. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

began to whistle. It had happened to other men as young as he was, younger.

"Come here," said Romsey, and Arthur saw him turn around. He stood there in the half-darkness of the street light and the night, his hands in his pockets, his hat brim down, his ears and elbows out. "Come here," he said, and when Arthur walked up to him, Romsey took his right hand out of his pocket. Arthur had stopped whistling and he stood there waiting, his mouth just opened, ready to speak, when Romsey hit him squarely on the chin.

WHEN Arthur awoke, there was a lingering moment of confusion, of shock and pity in his head. In a little while he knew he was lying in the rocking dark. And against his face, as if he tasted it, was the smell of fish, the gluey substance of what fish were or where fish had been, the inescapable scales of fish numbing the ends of his fingers, so that the sense of touch and warmth seemed gone from him forever. After a time he saw there was the coal of a cigarette glowing above him, almost within reach, and at the farthest point of darkness a half-moon of yellow cupped out of the night.

"Deep-sea fishing," said Romsey's voice, beginning from behind the cigarette's spark and coming through the dream of darkness to him. "How do you like it by this time?" Arthur stirred below him, dimly aroused by the sense of outrage and pain. "Don't try to move, don't try sitting up yet," said Romsey's voice. "That light down there is the nose of the boat, where the men are." The boat rode slowly, deeply, as if at anchor on the water, and the rain was still somewhere just beyond sight. "I was telling you," said Romsey, "about Madeira. I was twenty-four hours there, something like ten years ago, and I've been like a dead man ever since, talking about it to anybody, the way the dead must talk about life together. I woke up one morning, just one morning, in Madeira without feeling any shame or guilt, just once since I was born waking up without cringing from what I'd see outside the window . . ."

Arthur lay quiet, listening, comforted slowly by the sound of this voice he had known a long time somewhere else, listening, as if his wounded heart lay open-mouthed to the nourishment of this gentle, almost compassionate despair.

"Every time I get on a boat," said Romsey's voice from behind the little ember of light, "my bones start asking for it, but there isn't any answer. I've got a wife and three kids, and there's no business to take me toward Madeira again. Take a drink of this," he said, and when he leaned toward him, Arthur made out that Romsey still had his hat on, his ears still spread to hold it in place. Arthur put his lips around the metal grooves of Romsey's flask and drank the brandy down. "Maybe I'm like a dead man asking women for life," Romsey said, once he had drunk from the flask himself and screwed the cap on. "Not asking every woman, but ones like that, like Angie Flower, asking them to tell me all over again what life was like, so I'll remember. Women with hair that color, out of a bottle, put on with a toothbrush . . ." Lying there, without moving his hand, Arthur knew it was Romsey's overcoat that covered him and knew it was Romsey who had put a sweater under his head as he slept. "I come down here maybe twice or three times in the year, and the rest of the time, when I'm not here, I don't know what happens, and if I'm in

PIGEON, SING CUCCU!

Earth is a hoyden, loud rejoice;
  Pigeon, sing cuccu!
The green girl, spring, has found her voice,
  My heart is piercèd through.

The warm wind picketh winter's locks,
  The jonquil bares his blade;
In Finley Shepard's window box
  The hyacinths parade.

From choir loft, in heavenly chants,
  Up swell the sweet hosannas.
The huckster fills his cart with plants
  Who lately called bananas.

By Rockefeller's skating pond,
  The cherry springeth clear,
And waveth wide the greenhouse frond
  And drops the pinking tear.

Love is alive beneath the pave,
  A-pipping at the shell;
Who has the fun that I have,
  Or loveth spring so well?

In glaumy glades and rocky rifts
  The snake from his cool slumber
Stirs, when the air of heaven sifts
  Into his noisome chamber.

Beside the Fifty-ninth Street lake
  Old men, alive and toothless,
Applaud the plundering of the drake
  And grin when love is ruthless.

Oh, swiftly floweth now the Bronx
  Where osier stem doth redden,
The sky is loud when the goose honks,
  And naught can my heart sadden.

Earth is a hoyden, loud rejoice;
  Pigeon, sing cuccu!
The green girl, spring, has made her choice,
  My heart is piercèd through.

—E. B. W.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plymouth or Manchester, to hell with what happens at the Kettle and Anchor. But tonight I wasn't in Manchester. As long as I don't have to see it going on under my nose . . ." Arthur lay listening, quiet and without impulse, listening to the voice's unfaltering and unaccented lullaby. "I didn't come down all the way from Hanley just to see you and Angie Flower, because I know well enough when she's up to it, and I saw tonight—"

"What's that?" said Arthur, loud and suddenly, and he raised himself quickly on his elbow, for all around them in the dark now was the movement of wings, the curiously strong thrashing and whispering of an army of wings passing over their heads and passing continuously, unseen, bewildering in the night. It might have been all the birds of one land crossing to another, for the twittering tongues could be heard speaking as they swept on in the enormous torrent of flight.

"What's that?" he called out to Romsey in a fearful voice, but Romsey made no answer and the light of the cigarette was gone. Arthur felt his heart leaping in his mouth in terror at this unearthly whistling of the night. "Romsey, Romsey!" he called in anguish. A fisherman's voice from the lighted end of the boat sang out, "Hi, Romsey, there's the Herring Piece passing over," and at once the sound of the wings and the musical speech was gone and there was nothing but the slap of the water against the side.

Romsey struck a match, and the boy in the bottom of the boat held his breath as he watched him set it to a fresh cigarette.

"No rain tonight, and full nets by morning, then," said Romsey, and he shot the dead match into the sea. "Take a drink of this," said Romsey's voice again, good as a mother's above him. "That's their good omen," he said when Arthur had drunk. "The Herring Piece. To you and me, it's redwings saving their souls before the mildew and rot eats them to the bone. They'll be in Madeira by tomorrow, maybe. They'll be sitting on a tree waiting for Madeira worms to come out of the Madeira ground, and drying their feathers in the Madeira sun. S-u-n." Romsey's voice stopped for a moment while he drank. "Ever hear of it?"

"I think you mentioned it at the pub tonight," said Arthur, and he could hear Romsey's teeth shaking with the cold.

—Kay Boyle

THE EDUCATION OF MR. GALBRAITH

THE District Attorney had insisted upon it. Mrs. Galbraith had almost tearfully endorsed it. So Mr. Galbraith had agreed to go away for a little while—at least until the day of the trial—and to accept the services of a guard.

"It isn't that anything is going to happen," the District Attorney had assured him. "You are not such an important witness. But with a murder case, and especially with Nellie Scarpath mixed up in it, we don't want to take chances, do we?"

"I guess not," said Mr. Galbraith, who was frankly bored by the whole business, and who privately believed that everyone was acting like a character out of a Grade B gangster picture.

When the guard came to his home that evening, Mr. Galbraith was packed and ready. The guard said his name was Jimmy. The District Attorney had described Jimmy as a tough one. He didn't look like a tough one, though. He looked like a middle-aged brakeman and he had a suggestion of a paunch.

"Where do you figure on going?" Jimmy asked.

"I think Philadelphia," said Mr. Galbraith.

"Did you tell anyone you was going to Philadelphia?" demanded Jimmy.

"Just Mrs. Galbraith and Mrs. Roberts at the office," replied Mr. Galbraith.

"All right," decided Jimmy. "We will go to Pittsburgh."

"But neither Mrs. Galbraith nor Mrs. Roberts is going to tell anyone," protested Mr. Galbraith mildly.

"I'm willing to take a chance on Mrs. Galbraith," said Jimmy, "but I ain't on this Mrs. Roberts."

It was agreed that Mr. Galbraith was to assume the name of Gault, and was to communicate with Mrs. Galbraith only over the signature of "Uncle Ted." Mrs. Roberts, who was Mr. Galbraith's secretary, was to communicate with him only through Mrs. Galbraith. Mr. Galbraith said he thought it was all pretty silly, but as he and Jimmy rolled away in a taxicab to the station, he slowly warmed to a sense of adventure.

"Have you got a gun?" he whispered.

"Yeah," Jimmy assured him, "in my bag. Only we ain't going to need it, because we are going to be too smart for them mugs to catch up with us. If we get hot, we'll powder."

"Powder?" asked Mr. Galbraith.

"We will go somewheres else," explained Jimmy.

Jimmy bought the tickets.

"I got you an upper," he explained, "because there ain't anyone going to figure on finding *you* in an upper."

"What makes you think anyone will be looking for me on the train?" asked Mr. Galbraith.

"You can't never tell," said Jimmy. "And here is another thing. Suppose we are walking down the street together and I say 'Turn!' Why, then you want to turn around quick and start walking back in the direction you just come from."

"Why do I want to do that?" asked Mr. Galbraith.

"That is so if some guy is tailing us," explained Jimmy, "why, we will see who he is, and he will have to keep walking right on past us, and then we can turn around and follow him or shake him. That is the best way there is to shake a tail."

In the succeeding week, Mr. Galbraith was to learn that Jimmy had two obsessions: being tailed and dictaphones. They went frequently for walks, but on these occasions the usually talkative Jimmy seemed preoccupied. "I think there is some guy tailing us," he would mutter out of the corner of his mouth. "Turn!" And he and Mr. Galbraith would wheel about abruptly to confront some inoffensive citizen hurrying along with an armful of groceries to a streetcar. "I don't think he was tailing us," Mr. Galbraith would object. "It's a good thing he wasn't," Jimmy would growl. "I'd have pasted him one."

The first morning in Pittsburgh, Jimmy wouldn't let Mr. Galbraith unpack his suitcase until after both of them had thoroughly searched the room for dictaphones.

"In order to get a dictaphone in here," Mr. Galbraith had pointed out somewhat impatiently, "a person would have had to know that we were com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• •

ing to Pittsburgh, that we were coming to this hotel, and that we would be assigned to this room."

"We ain't going to worry about how tough it would be for a guy to put a bug in here," said Jimmy, reasonably enough. "We are only going to be darn sure there *ain't* no bugs in here."

So Mr. Galbraith dutifully looked under the bed and behind the pictures. And Jimmy opened bureau drawers, pulled up the corners of the rugs, unscrewed the telephone box, prodded the mattresses of the two beds, and listened intently at all doors for suspicious activity on the other side.

"I AM going to teach you to talk the way they do in stir," Jimmy announced that afternoon. "We ought to be able to talk without no one knowing what we're saying. You see these here socks of mine? You know what they are? Well, they're called Johnny Hox. This hat? That's a lean and fat. The bed is roses red. The pillows are weeping willows. A girl is a twist and a twirl. You see? It rhymes. Only you don't say the whole rhyme. Like I would say, 'Where did you get the new fiddle?' That means 'fiddle and flute,' and 'fiddle and flute' means suit. So a hat is a lean, and a bed is roses, and socks are Johnnies. Do you catch on?"

"I guess so," said Mr. Galbraith.

So in time his right arm became a right chalk farm, or just right chalk, his eyes became mince pies, his legs pegs, and any place a joint or a gaff. When Jimmy would ask him if he had the screw to the gaff, he would feel for his hotel key and say yes.

"THAT'S a rather pretty girl, isn't it?" Mr. Galbraith remarked innocently one day as they came away from the hotel cigar stand.

"Listen," said Jimmy severely. "We ain't going to get mixed up with no broads. We're plenty hot right now without getting no twists up in the room, and anyway I got a wife and kids and I don't go for that stuff any more. And I ain't going to let you."

In vain Mr. Galbraith had protested his interest in the young woman was only academic. Jimmy stoutly declined to believe him. "You're on the make," he said. Mr. Galbraith was at first incensed, then amused. He sat down to write his wife about the incident, wrote two pages, then decided to abandon the effort. After all, Mrs. Galbraith might fail to see the humor in it. So Mr. Galbraith carefully shredded the two pages. But he did not toss them into the wastebasket. He took them into the bathroom and carefully fed them into the bowl, as Jimmy had taught him to do.

DOUGLASS WELCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

THE LAW VS. O. HENRY

THE trouble with trick endings to old stories is that one has to wait until the ending before finding out that it isn't just an old story. It is all very funny to say, "We'll have this guy come out and sing an old-fashioned Dixie-Mammy song and then, for the blackout, have his Mammy shoot him when he gets back to Dixie," but until the blackout comes, what we are listening to is just an old-fashioned Dixie-Mammy song, and we may walk out on it and miss the laugh.

Hubert Griffith and Benn W. Levy have, from Bruno Frank's original of "Young Madame Conti," fashioned a startling and soul-satisfying epilogue to an otherwise regulation courtroom drama, but what one sees for almost three acts is just a regulation courtroom drama. The main reason one doesn't walk out on it is the performance of Miss Constance Cummings, but that is quite a chance for authors to take. Some night Miss Cummings might be indisposed, God forbid.

"Young Madame Conti" is far from being a tiresome courtroom drama. It is simply devoid of surprises. This makes the surprise ending all the more effective, but it also makes the two hours between eight-forty and ten-forty about as startling as the two hours between New York and Philadelphia. The prostitute who kills the only man she really loves, and who, in spite of a trial which proves her heart to be of pure gold, is led out of her death cell to the gallows saying, "I am ready," makes as familiar a series of pictures to the hardened theatregoer as the successive stations of New Brunswick, Trenton, and North Philadelphia to the P.R.R. brakeman. How are we to know that a surprise awaits us at Broad Street? It never has before.

Miss Cummings, however, runs a highly effective gamut of all the emotions except giggling, and shows that, charming as she was in "Accent on Youth," her resources have never even been tapped before. It takes quite a while to coax her into testifying in her own behalf, but when she does, she gives, and gives plenty. She makes you forget that the courtroom scene, as a whole, is not as thrilling as that in "Libel!" or as funny as that in "Storm Over Patsy," Herr Frank's other current legal procedure.

It probably would be unfair to give the reason the epilogue to "Young Madame Conti" makes up for everything (if it does), but suffice it to say that if the story could be told in quick outline, with the accent on the finish, you would swear that it was a swell idea. It still is a swell idea, and Messrs. Griffith and Levy have handled it as well as it could be handled, considering the fact that most of the rest has been handled by so many hands before theirs.

"RED HARVEST" is billed as "Pages from a Red Cross Diary," and it is just that. Not very much could have been left out, including the bloodstains. There are times when it sounds like pages from a handbook on the Intestines and Their Eradication, or a Guide for Internes, but it all comes under the head of Horrors of War and, as such, is probably justifiable and laudable. It would be well, however, to wear your strongest stomach if you go to see it.

Walter Charles Roberts has written a story of life among the Red Cross nurses in a field hospital in the Château-Thierry sector during the early days of August, 1918, when no man could say that his legs or arms were his own. He shows us that the nurses lived in no bed of roses at that point, a fact which we had already suspected. What there is of the plot involves a running feud between the Chief Nurse, played with incisive aggressiveness by Leona Powers, and a Medical Corps major in the sleek person of Frederic Tozere, both capable of carrying a play, which, by a coincidence, is just what they have to do with "Red Harvest." For Mr. Roberts, although he writes explicit and vital prose, has not

"HAVING WONDERFUL TIME"

Sheldon Leonard, at the left, is exerting no little personal charm on Katherine Locke, and you can see for yourself how Jules Garfield feels about it. At the Lyceum.

DIGITIZED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

● There's rhythm—sweep—power in every stroke of their crimson-tipped blades as Harvard's varsity crew streaks down the Charles River on an afternoon of crew practice. Snapped by Paul E. Morgan, with a Kodak Retina.

Highlights at Harvard

SNAPSHOTS BY UNDERGRADUATES

NOBODY knows when the first Kodak appeared in Harvard Yard; but today, wherever you look, somebody's clicking a camera.

People, places, chance-caught scenes from the life of America's oldest college, make up a record no Harvard graduate can look back over without a thrill of fondness and pleasure.

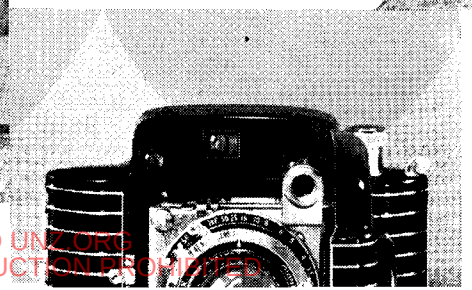
F. Skiddy von Stade, Jr., '38, Noble Dean, Jr., '39, Paul E. Morgan, '39 and William S. Rowe II, '39, four well-known undergraduates, snapped the characteristic views on this page.

● French's statue of John Harvard, the young Puritan minister who left his books and half his estate to the college; snapped by F. Skiddy von Stade, Jr., with a Kodak Bantam Special.

● F. Skiddy von Stade, Jr., '38, crack polo player and snapshooter, about to go into action with his Kodak Bantam Special. Snapped by William S. Rowe II, '39, also a member of the polo team.

● The celebrated Harvard Yard, where Nathaniel Eaton, the first headmaster, once set out 30 apple trees and put up a fence to keep out stray cattle and wolves. In the background—Memorial Church, with its urbane Georgian architecture. Snapped by Noble Dean, Jr.

● (right) Paul Fox, F. Skiddy von Stade, Jr., and William S. Rowe II, three of Harvard's outstanding polo players, at practice on Soldiers Field. Snapped by Paul E. Morgan, with a Kodak Retina.



● (left) Three members of the Crimson board—Harvard's daily newspaper—on

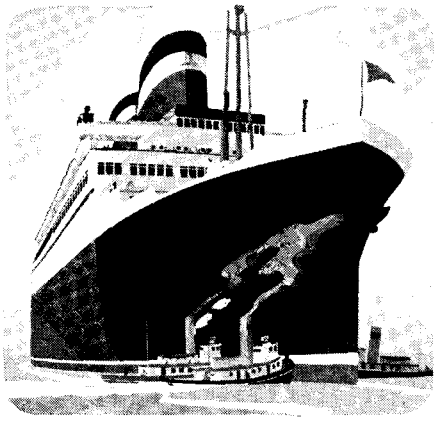
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KODAK BANTAM SPECIAL—the popular new miniature camera. Super lens, Kodak Anastigmat EKTAR *f*.2.0. Coupled range finder. Compur-Rapid shutter. Besides black-and white pictures—gives gorgeous, full-color transparencies when

★ *American*

OCEAN TRAVEL

on splendid Liners specially planned to make you feel at home . . . to give you utmost VALUE



to ALL EUROPE

(IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY)

The **Manhattan** *and* **Washington** are the largest, fastest, finest American ships on the Atlantic. Rates are moderate. You can get a room with private shower and toilet for as little as $181 per person Cabin Class. Other Cabin Class accommodations from $172. Tourist Class rates, $116 up.

Sailings Wednesday at noon alternating with the friendly *President Harding* and *President Roosevelt* with Cabin Class rates as low as $129.

Also American "One Class Liners" weekly to London—fortnightly to Cobh and Liverpool for only $100.

to California and Mexico

via HAVANA, PANAMA CANAL and ACAPULCO

The **Famous "Big 3"**—*s.s. California, s.s. Pennsylvania, s.s. Virginia* —largest ships in Coast-to-Coast service. Fastest schedules, too. First Class rates begin at $225 ($250 at some seasons), Tourist Cabin at $125.

Also "Circle Tours", where you travel one way by sea, one way by rail or air . . . and all inclusive 9—17-day Vacation Cruise Tours to Havana, Panama, the Caribbean and South America.

Ask your TRAVEL AGENT for complete details about travel on these American ships, particularly the special round trip reductions. He will be glad to help you get the utmost travel *value* for your money.

United States Lines
Panama Pacific Line

1 Broadway, N.Y. • 216 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

written much more than he claimed to have written; namely, "Pages from a Red Cross Diary." They are written in a bold, legible hand and with a great deal of honest feeling, and are worth reading if you are clinical-minded and care to refresh your memory on what war is like. This is the third of Mr. Pemberton's productions for the season, and it would be good for a lot of today's youngsters if he really had good luck with this one.

A LITTLE thing called "Farewell Summer" served to bring Miss *Lois Wilson of the movies into the* hurly-burly of Broadway. Aside from that, I can see that it served no purpose at all, not even to fill this column.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT
(OLD ENGLISH DIVISION)

[*A page from the Bills of Mortality of 1665, covering the deaths in London for one week*]

THE DISEASES AND CASUALTIES OF THIS WEEK

Abortive	5
Aged	36
Apoplexic	1
Childbed	25
Chrifomes	22
Consumption	130
Convulsion	58
Caugh	2
Distracted	1
Dropsie	32
Drowned in a Ditch at Saviors Southwark	1
Feaver	314
Flox and Small Pox	11
Flux	1
Grief	3
Griping in the Guts	70
Jaundies	2
Imposthume	16
Infants	13
Kingfurl	2
Leprosie	1
Meagrome	1
Mother	1
Plague	2817
Pleurisie	1
Purples	2
Quinsie	3
Rickers	14
Rifing of the Lights	32
Rupture	3
Scouring	3
Scurvey	3
Spotted Feaver	174
Stillborn	11
Stone	3
Stopping of the Stomach	10
Suddenly	2
Surfeit	85
Teeth	90
Thrush	4
Tiffick	3
Ulcer	3
Vomiting	1

Mansfield

For That Casual Well-Groomed British Look

Don't be fooled by that casual look. It comes from strict attention to *personal* details. The shaving supplies of the English House of Bourjois are part of the daily lives of correct Englishmen from Piccadilly to Calcutta. Of the same kind and type—and used by the same kind of men—are the shaving soaps and lotions of the American House of Bourjois—Mansfield for Men. If you don't find them at the first shop you try, it will pay you to try again.

Quality Shaving Needs—Shaving Bowl, Shaving Cream and Brushless Shave. Talcum, After Shave Lotion, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VAT 69

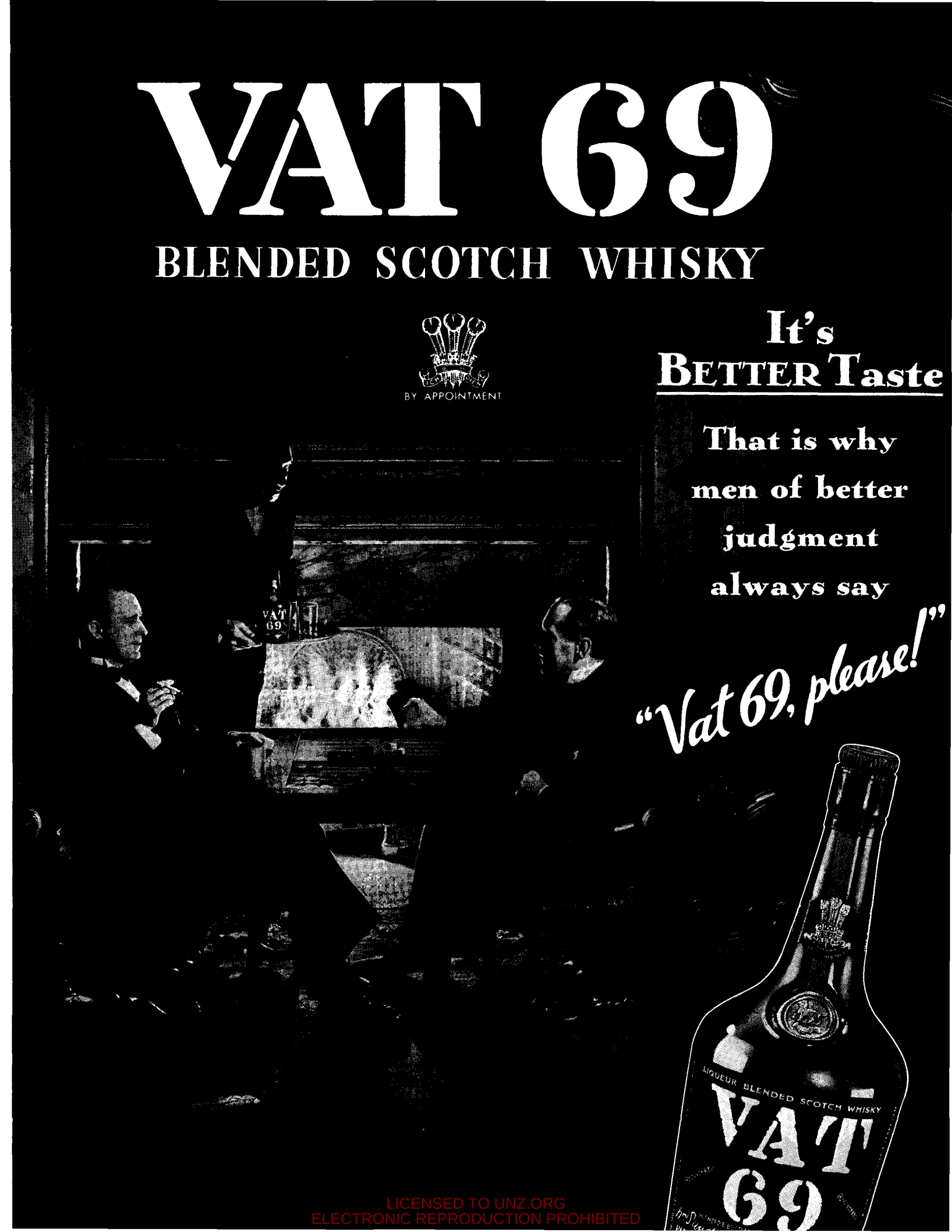
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BY APPOINTMENT

It's BETTER Taste

That is why men of better judgment always say

"Vat 69, please!"



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR WORDS

THAT SPELL...

de Luxe Travel

AMERICAN

EXPRESS

TRAVEL

SERVICE...

Travel takes on a new meaning when you use American Express Travel Service . . . because this famous organization with its network of offices and representatives across the globe . . . has perfected the happy art of carefree, effortless journeying.

When you put your travel problems into the hands of American Express Travel Service, you know that your way will be smoothed, transportation by land, sea or air secured, hotel accommodations reserved, sightseeing arranged and Travelers Cheques issued . . . *before you begin your trip.*

From the moment you approve the itinerary which an American Express travel expert has based on your plans, the vast machinery of this world-wide organization goes into action to assure you complete enjoyment of your trip.

Abroad, English-speaking interpreters are stationed at principal frontiers, piers and depots . . . to assist you in innumerable ways. American Express offices will provide welcome headquarters for meeting your friends, receiving mail, cables and local information.

Why not let the four famous words that spell de luxe travel bring you the sincere, unbiased advice of travel experts—by phone, letter, or a personal visit to any of our offices?

AMERICAN EXPRESS *America's Foremost Travel Organization*

Offices in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto and Washington and in principal cities throughout the world.

Ask your local Travel Agent for American Express Travel Service

OF ALL THINGS

WE are told that the Supreme Court's about-face was not due to outside clamor. It seems that the new building has a soundproof room, to which justices may retire to change their minds.

•

The President has decided not to propose an armament conference now. The time is not ripe—or maybe it is overripe.

•

Tammany leaders hope that Al Smith will give active support to their candidate in the city campaign, bringing with him his mighty army of eleven Landon Democrats.

•

"Democracy is deeply rooted in the rock-ribbed soil of our country," says Ambassador Saito of Japan. Sometimes we fear that it is too deep to sprout.

•

Of course nobody can doubt Mussolini's personal courage. Still, it will be noticed that he stayed in Africa until that cantankerous French lady was safe in jail.

•

A veteran actor has expressed the hope that the Federal Theatre Project will bring about the rebirth of "the road." Meanwhile we shall have to be satisfied with those dramatic roads, Eternal and Tobacco.

•

Thanks to Governor Hurley's veto, Massachusetts educators will continue to swear to support the Federal and State Constitutions. This foils President Conant's plot to upset our form of government.

•

Dr. Townsend wants to borrow $5,000,000 at four per cent to put over his pension plan. The investor will get his money back in two years—or equivalent treasures in Heaven.

•

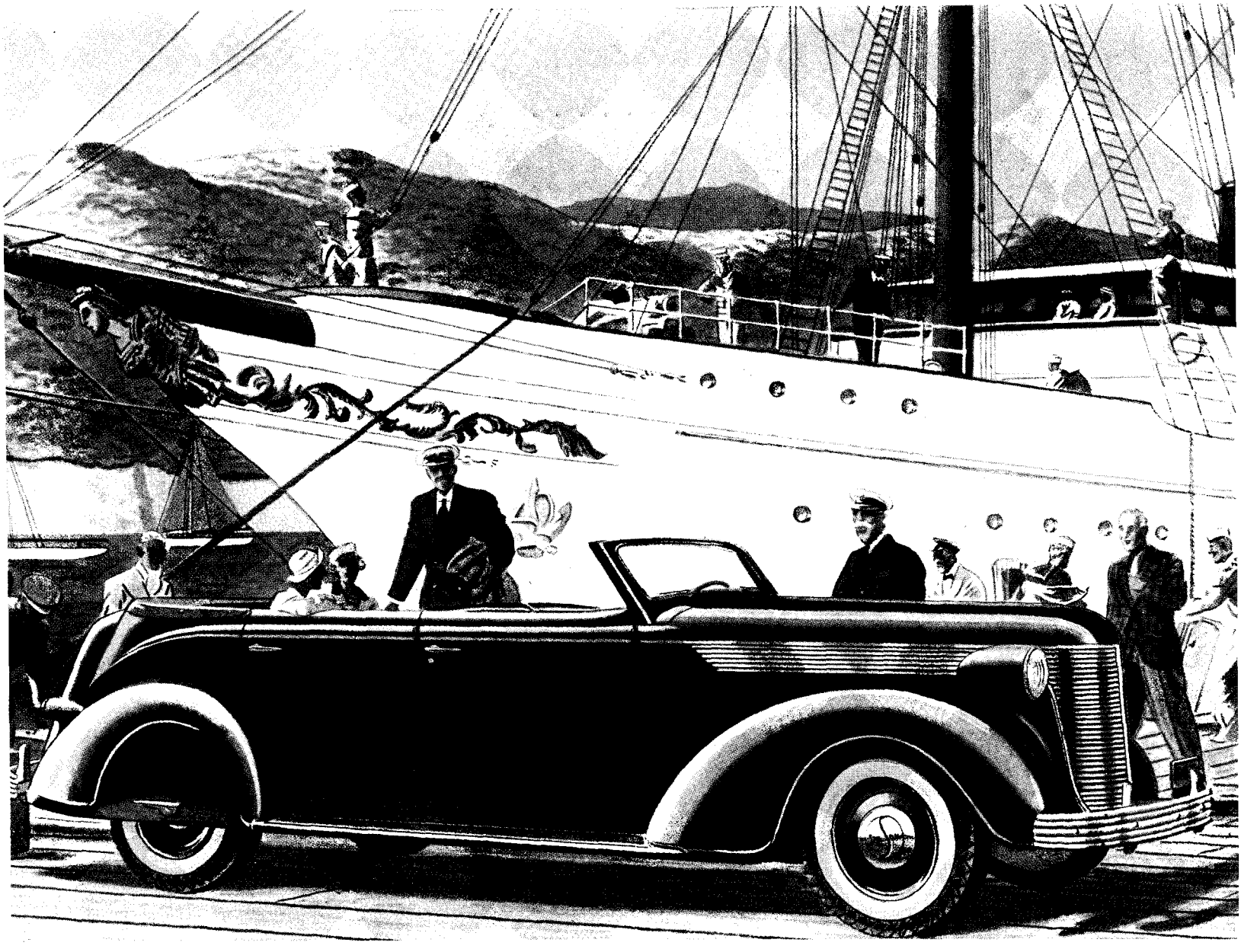
There is some reason to believe that the sit-down form of strike is on the wane. The soft-coal miners won their victory in an upright position.

•

Many ills can be cured by the creation of artificial fever, the doctors say. Some of us will need this treatment to work up a temperature about the Coro-

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE YOU SEEN DE SOTO'S NEW CONVERTIBLES?



It's NEWS when a Low-priced Car starts a Vogue in America's Smartest Circles

PICTURED ABOVE is the beautiful new De Soto Convertible Sedan . . . "hit" of the Auto Shows . . . a sensation this spring at all of America's smart social capitals.

But don't get the idea it's expensive! With De Soto's new prices (now just above the lowest) . . . a Convertible Sedan or Coupe is squarely within your reach!

And it's a lot more than price, as De Soto's happy owners will tell you. These two dashing Convertibles offer something brand-new in smartness and construction!

This Sedan . . . note how long and low it is. The complete disappearance of the top. The bold, unbroken sweep of its rakish lines. The big, streamlined trunk.

Under that all-steel body is De Soto's famed *double* frame . . . to engineer out squeaks and rattles. It's the most "solid-feeling" car you ever had hands on!

Around curves . . . up and down hills . . . it *hugs* the road. There's no vibration . . . no bumps . . . thanks to new rubber body mountings and new double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers. Every passenger rides cradled *between* the axles, on extra-deep cushions of French pleated leather.

All trim is leather, toned to match the exterior color . . . and there are many brilliant, jewel-like colors to choose from! Black tops are available at no extra cost.

You must see for yourself how exquisitely finished these new Convertibles are. But whatever model you pick . . . you'll get a real thrill out of De Soto's new 93-horsepower engine . . . and its remarkable economy. Owners report real savings in gasoline.

Don't let spring slip by! Go now to your De Soto dealer's and take a ride! Ask about the Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

DE SOTO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

how those who "stick with Johnnie Walker".....

BORN 1820...
still going strong

....have a familiar brisk stride in the morning!

THE FINE friendliness of Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is not mere chance, but the result of four generations of Scottish care and skill. Since 1820, John Walker and Sons have collaborated with time to produce sound, honest whisky. Choice and ample stocks of fine old Scotch are stored away in the Walker warehouses to assure Scotch whisky at its best ...this year and through the years to come. Not a drop ever goes into the famous square bottle until time has gently smoothed it into the mellow, delightful whisky that all the world knows as Johnnie Walker.

That's why...before dinner and after...at bars or at home...it's a sensible idea to "stick with Johnnie Walker." An evening with this genial gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.
All Red Label 8 years old; Black Label, 12 years. Both are 86.8 proof.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., N. Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CAFÉ ROYAL

THE Café Royal, on the southeast corner of Second Avenue and Twelfth Street, is renowned for chicken *paprikash*, Hungarian goulash, and *palatschinken*—Hungarian crêpes Suzette. The Royal is also famous—one might almost say immortalized—for its clientele. It is the forum of the Jewish intelligentsia, the first spot one visits to learn anything about the Yiddish theatre, Yiddish art, music, letters, or life, and is the best place in the city to hear East Side gossip and argument. Devotees call the Royal the "Kibitzarnya," the kibitzers' hangout. It is, more properly, the Colony, the Simpson's, and the Fouquet's of Second Avenue, all in one.

Everybody who is anybody in the creative Jewish world turns up at the Café Royal at least one night a week. To be seen there is a social duty, a mark of distinction, and an investment in prestige. The best night for these purposes is Friday. On Friday morning, the Yiddish newspapers devote a whole page to dramatic and art criticism, and gossip. And on Friday night, by an old and irresistible tradition, these contributions to belles-lettres are subjected to the passionate analysis of the Café Royal's patrons. Voices rend the smoky air, bon mots fly around like platitudes, hair is torn and breasts are beaten, all in the sacred cause of Art. No Jewish actor worth his claque, no Jewish critic worth his enemies, and no Jewish art-lover worth his prejudices can afford to absent himself from the Royal on this most glamorous of occasions. It is a Colosseum of talk; actor meets critic, critic meets wit, writers wrangle, painters argue, poets cry out in sweet anguish, and laymen gape at the multifarious splendor of it all. *History* is made at the Café Royal.

The theatrical world in particular gestates in this restaurant. It has become the practice for Jewish producers in search of actors, and Jewish actors in search of jobs, to use the Royal as a trading mart. In this sense, the café serves a function similar to that of the coffeehouses of the seventeenth-century English merchants. Negotiations are carried on over steaming glasses of tea or coffee. They are semi-public; they have to be. All of which adds fuel to the happy fires of gossip.

East Side matinée idols in the rich flush of public favor *must* be seen at the Royal to seal their popularity; it is the show window where they strut their fame, their wives, their amours, and their profiles. Many a romance is made there and many a scandal is flaunted in the face of the Philistines. Actors who are on the downgrade appear at the tables with greater frequency to bolster their morale. Thespians who are broke eat there in the hope of attracting the eye of some impresario, and because most of the waiters can be prevailed upon to extend credit. Any waiter who can be persuaded, by whatever devious art, to put a client's bill on the cuff simply pays the cashier out of his own pocket and takes the risk. The Royal is rife with persuaders.

I HAD been to the Royal several times casually, and one rainy Friday night several weeks ago, I decided to spend an entire evening there. When I arrived, I checked my coat and hat at the door, pushed my way to a table, and ordered coffee and *palatschinken*. The café is an old-looking, mellow, mahogany-walled, oblong room that was once a saloon, and has made no effort to conceal it. It looks like any venerable coffeehouse in Vienna. The windows are opened wide in summer, when box hedges and latticework enclose sidewalk tables. The Royal was probably the first place in New York to introduce this Continental touch, which is popular with its clients, most of whom like to be looked at. At the back of the café there are tables for pinochle and *klabiosh*, a Roumanian card game. The games are conducted in a homey spirit, with two or three kibitzers sitting and standing around the tables for each player. It isn't often easy to tell which are which.

It was ten-thirty when I went in, and the restaurant was only half-filled. Nothing really begins at the Royal until the four Yiddish theatres on Second Avenue let out, at about eleven-thirty. I decided to spend the time till then talking to Herman Tanzer, who enjoys something of a reputation as "the millionaire busboy," a title given him by reporters and columnists in various non-Yiddish journals. He is Bohemian by birth, and has been with the Royal since it opened, in 1908.

Herman was seated at a side table, eating a sardine-and-cream-cheese sandwich on rye, generously embellished with huge slices of onion. I introduced myself as a friend of a Royal habitué whom Herman knew, and sat down. Herman has little neck and less expression. His flat eyes betray a rather unspectacular intelligence.

I tried to draw him out. This, I discovered, was very easy to do. Her-

"I can't make up my mind whether to grow a mustache or not."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP
YOU BRUTE!

the
KLEENEX
HABIT

soothes tender noses!

● Have some consideration for your family! It's cruel to torture tender noses during colds! So put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start! These soothing tissues save noses, save money as they reduce handkerchief washing.

Yes, here's a habit that's good for everyone! Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room
And in Your Car, too

To remove face creams and cosmetics ... To apply powder, rouge ... To dust and polish ... For the baby ... *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use.

KLEENEX

man adores being drawn out. Whenever, indeed, my drawing-out powers flagged, he drew himself out. "Why no ask how long I *am*?" he suggested once. "How long *are* you?" I asked. "Tvunty-nine years same place!" he cried in ecstasy.

Herman and I had a long talk. I understood about a quarter of what he muttered. Herman was quite philosophical about the Royal. He was also incoherent, inarticulate, and, during his inspired moments, entirely incomprehensible. All of the customers, I was given to understand, are "beeg artist." All of them, I was admonished, are the salt of the earth. All of them, he assured me, are superlative tippers, and even more superlative talkers. "Goddam! All time talk!" was the way Herman put it.

"I hear you've had a lot of publicity as 'the millionaire busboy,'" I said.

He said he was poor now but that before 1929 he had been a man of property, simply bulging with apartment houses and real estate. He lost $290,000 in the crash. Today he is just working along like the rest of us. He has worked three hundred and sixty-three days and nights a year ever since he can remember. He knocks off on Christmas and Easter, like the good Christian he is. "You know. God."

Herman achieved his pre-depression financial station not from his share of the tips left by the Café Royal customers, but from an ingenious trade in cashing checks. The management of the Royal doesn't believe in checks; Herman does. Herman will cash anything, from one dollar to a thousand, and has done so. He charges a fee for this service. To test the mettle of the man, I asked if he would cash a ten-dollar check for me. He looked at my shoes cautiously, closed one eye, swallowed a sardine, and said, "Cost seexty sants." I thought this excessive, considering my honest features, and changed the subject. But something had come between us.

BY the time I returned to my own table, the café had become more crowded. Conversations—liquid, throbbing, intricate, in Yiddish and English, and Yiddish-English—hummed all around me. A composer was crooning a song to two admiring ladies. Several Thespians were wrangling about the way to give the cadences of a line. Coffee cups clattered. Tea glasses tinkled as spoons were stirred. Rockets of laughter punctured the air. The pinochle tables were crowded. The place seemed a combined actors' club, tourists' "sight," and madhouse.

At the table next mine sat four men, eating with great seriousness. One of them had a Vandyke, pince-nez, and smoked a cigar which dropped its ashes on his vest. The second sat carving a chain out of a piece of wood. The third ate ravenously, as if undernourished. The fourth man looked as I had always imagined Rasputin must have. His hair was long, black, thick, uncombed. It hung over his collar in back, and over his eyes in front. A luxuriant black mustache wandered aimlessly over his face, until it merged with a fantastic black beard. What features were visible through this hirsute morass consisted of a pair of dreamy eyes, as incongruous as lambs in a jungle, and a tiny, turned-up nose. That nose added the touch of the *moujik* that was Rasputin.

From every side the fat and fecund talk ascended. Waiters yelled. Men argued, their voices drenched with passion. Women laughed. Two men began acting out a scene from some bizarre drama. Rasputin quoted some verse. The sounds twisted themselves into one disjointed echo. It was like the roar of a fabulous sea shell. I felt alone.

It was not long, though, before a friend of mine came in, which was a stroke of sheer luck for me. He may never again get so warm a welcome. He sat down and introduced me to his companion, Zvi Scooler, actor, playwright, man-of-the-Royal-world. I ordered coffee and cheese cake all around, and confessed my sense of isolation. Mr. Scooler took me under his wing. He identified people, introduced me to celebrities, and poured out a stream of anecdotes, characterizations, comments, and Royaliana.

The four men at the next table were, I learned, of some consequence. The man with the Vandyke and the ash-dropping cigar was none other than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Newman, connoisseur of the arts, expert on Jewish culture. The woodcarver was Zuni Maud, the Tony Sarg of Israel, creator of the "Maud-Cuts" puppets. The undernourished mortal was a writer for the *Forward*, whose name I lost in the concentrated buzz. As for Rasputin, he turned out to be Herman Gold, a poet of distinction and quality. I was told that it is his habit never to wear a hat or overcoat, but to defy the elements along Second Avenue with a bravado which has won him wide acclaim; and that he never misses a day at the Royal: he comes in about noon and just stays there, far into the gaudy night.

A magnificent argument from another table caught my ear.

"It lacks *something*. It doesn't have *Gefühl*, you know—soul."

"So why, by the will of God, did he pick *that* play?"

"He's an *artist*," came a woman's wail. "So he's stubborn."

"So is a mule."

"A mule isn't a Maurice Schwartz, my crazy friend!"

"How can you tell the difference?"

"Ha, ha, ha. I'll *bust* laughing, I should live so."

"It stinks."

"Why '*stinks*,' all of a sudden? It's first-class directed, no?"

"Short and sweet—it stinks."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Pleez*, Veintraub. Honist to Gott, you're *killink* me."

The arrival of sweet and sour *Braten* put an end to this heroic struggle. And I was sorry, for it had *Gefühl*, you know—soul.

BY eleven forty-five, the café was almost full. A more hectic note had been introduced. Fever gripped the fifty tables. Men and women came in with the marks of theatrical rouge and mascara still on their faces. I heard comments on the plays: "So how did you like the performance?" "*You* were marvellous!" "Well, I wasn't exactly marvellous, though it's nice you should say. *Toisday* night you shoulda see me. *Toisday* I was marvellous."

Parties came in fresh from the playhouses, flushed with memories. Many of the newcomers did not appear to be of the pure Royal "type." They seemed impressed by the array of sheer genius which flamed right before their eyes. "Rubbernecks," said Zvi Scooler with scorn. "They come at twelve; they leave at one. We call that hour after midnight *Die Meshuggeneh Shtunde*, the Crazy Hour."

"YES, WE'RE LEAVING PANAMA TODAY. YOU TELEPHONED JUST IN TIME."
It's so easy—so inexpensive—to telephone friends and relatives in other countries. And so gratifying. A first-hand account of their adventures, up-to-the-minute news of their plans, assurance that they are in good health are all yours when you telephone.
A three-minute week-day conversation to Panama from Atlanta costs only $9; on Sunday, only $6. It costs only $12 from Boston, $9 on Sunday.
Many use overseas telephone service regularly to keep in touch with out-of-the-country friends and associates. Why not try it? You'll like it.
BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If it isn't an Eight

*NB and an oil cushioned VALVE-IN-HEAD straight eight at that!

NOTE—NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression

ANOLITE PISTONS, durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 150%

AEROBAT CARBURETOR—works like carburetors used in aerial acrobatics. No stop, start or swing is swift enough to affect its even feed of fuel

SEALED CHASSIS keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, for steadier, more stable roadability

UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER with solid steel Turret Top and No Draft Ventilation. The most complete steel protection ever offered

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES, giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures

KNEE-ACTION COMFORT AND SAFETY, the true gliding ride

"HIGH OUTPUT" GENERATOR—supplies ample current for radios, heaters, defrosters, etc.

JUMBO LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS, with more room than ever before

STABILIZATION—front and rear — of tire squeal

PACK YOUR WHOLE WARDROBE—*there's room in Buick's jumbo luggage compartment to carry it all.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*it isn't a BUICK!

Boldly stenciled on the head of every engine that leaves the Buick factory is the meaningful phrase—BUICK SILENT OIL CUSHIONED VALVE-IN-HEAD EIGHT.

Every word in that phrase—from "Buick" to "Eight"—has special importance—you ought to know and remember the whole story.

Because this is a *straight eight,* every mile in a Buick, whatever the car's price or size, has an extra silk-smoothness over and above the adequacy of a six.

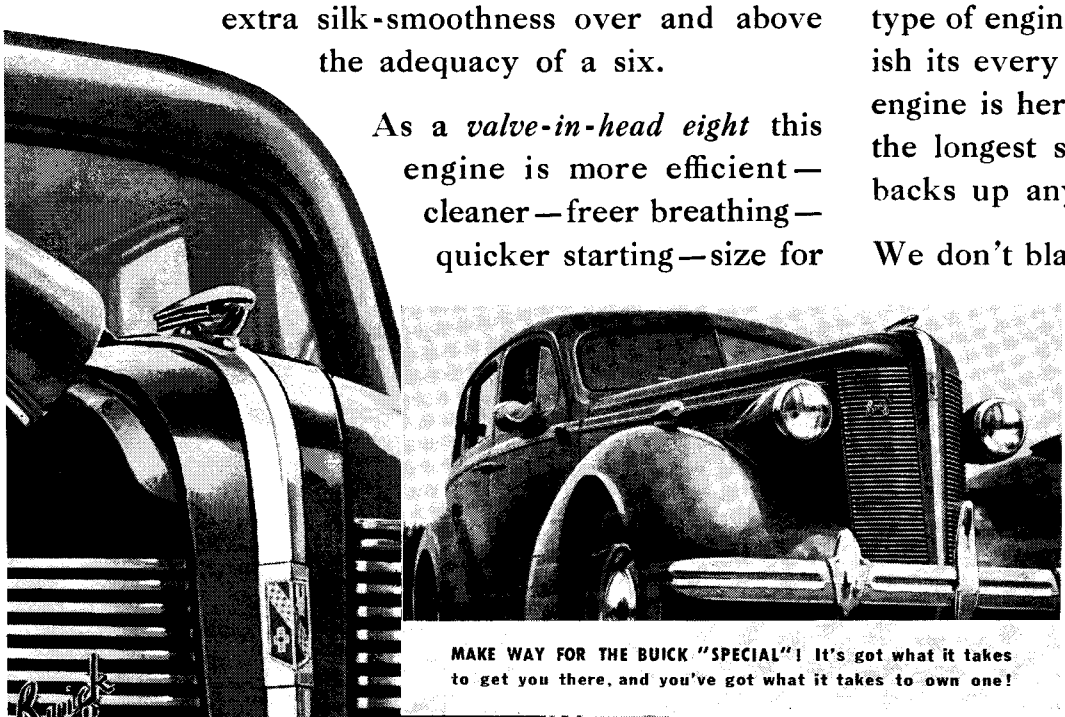
As a *valve-in-head eight* this engine is more efficient—cleaner—freer breathing—quicker starting—size for size it is abler than any other type engine you can buy.

Next, this engine is oil cushioned, silenced to a smooth unfretting whisper that carries never a note of complaint or labor, no matter how hard or long you push it—sit behind the wheel some day and just *listen* to its tune!

And the word "Buick" itself has special significance—for 35 years we have been building this type of engine, getting to know it, better it, polish its every detail—so today this finest *type* of engine is here brought to its finest *goodness* by the longest stretch of focused experience that backs up any power plant on the road!

We don't blame you for buying this car for its good looks—we made certain-sure you'd get plenty last-minute style in these stunning 1937 jobs.

But it's the engine that gets you there. So choose an *eight,* a *valve-in-head eight,* a *Buick valve-in-head eight*—and you'll get there gloriously and de luxe!



MAKE WAY FOR THE BUICK "SPECIAL"! It's got what it takes to get you there, and you've got what it takes to own one!

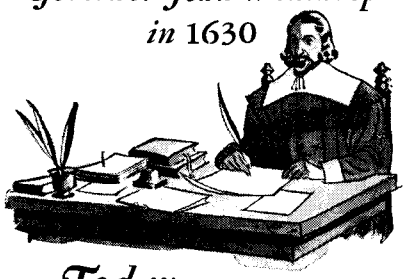
LOWEST PRICE EVER ON A BUICK 4-DOOR SEDAN!

Today's price for a Buick 4-door sedan is the lowest in all Buick history — and you get longer wheelbase — greater power — valve-in-head thrift — straight-eight smoothness — roomier body — safety glass all around — bigger luggage compartment — and immeasurably greater performance, comfort and style! See your dealer for low delivered prices, and see what a buy Buick really is, compared to the average six outside the lowest price field. **GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR LIKING**

"It's Buick again!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

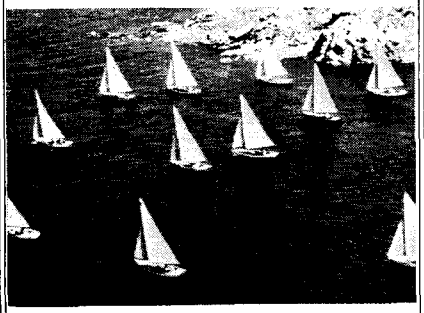
"A Paradise" wrote Governor John Winthrop in 1630



Today

SIX NEW ENGLAND GOVERNORS INVITE YOU

"We, the Governors of six New England states, invite you this summer to visit a modern vacation paradise. Enjoy its charm and natural beauty—smooth, gleaming beaches, headlands buffeted with spray, mountains purple against the sky, smiling lakes, old colonial towns. Meet the real 'Down East' Yankee—sturdy, thrifty, lovable, and loyal. Play golf, tennis, swim, hike, sail—or choose your favorite sport in a climate that stays cool."



Beautiful FREE Booklet

Write today for this official New England booklet. 40 pages fully illustrated. A magazine value, free while they last. Plan no vacation until you have seen it. Clip the coupon now.

NEW ENGLAND

NEW ENGLAND COUNCIL
20 Providence Street, *Boston, Mass.*
Please send me my free copy of your New England Vacation Booklet Y-27.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

lady, surely over sixty. She was holding court. Men and women hung on her words. I was told she was Sarah Adler, Grand Old Lady of the Yiddish stage, once its most dazzling light, the mother of Stella and Luther Adler of the Group Theatre and Broadway. Madam Adler still retains some of the verve which made her the toast of two continents and Second Avenue.

I noticed a curious spectacle taking place under a Western Union clock which hung on a side wall. At a table for two, directly under the clock, a man was interviewing people who stood in a long line, waiting. This, my omniscient Scooler told me, was Rubin Guskin, manager of the Hebrew Actors' Union, in action. Almost every night, come weal, come woe, he sits at the table for two under the Western Union clock. Many a grandiose business deal is consummated there, many an artistic ego is soothed, many a bitter salary dispute compromised. "Under the clock" has become the centre of a nervous system which stretches over the land. Long-distance calls come in to the Royal for Guskin from places as far off as Gary or St. Louis. Jewish impresarios in other cities, entertainers stranded far from home, troupes possessed by any of the multitudinous grievances to which artistic temperaments are subject—they all know where good old Guskin can be reached.

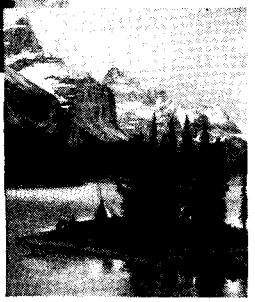
Around one o'clock, people began leaving. "Don't worry," said Zvi Scooler. "Only the sightseers are leaving; the actors will stay." They did. Luminaries were pointed out to me with reverence: Menasha Skulnik, star of the musical comedy "The Galician Rabbi;" Judah Bleich, who directed WPA's Yiddish version of "It Can't Happen Here;" Michal Michalesko, comedian and dancer, so-called "Don Juan of the Avenue" (i.e., Second Avenue), the Valentino of a thousand limpid hearts. Apart and alone sat Binah Abramowitch, "Queen of the Mother Rôles."

Now that the Philistines were gone, I was able to pick up some choice examples of Yiddish argot. A "*purtzeh*," in case you have a philological mind, is the Royal's word for a fake, a phony. A "*nooch-shlepper*" is a hanger-on. A "*fier-macher*" designates a ham actor, one whose theatrical crimes are enough to burn the asbestos curtain into protest. A "*bulbenik*" is an actor "who speaks with a hot potato in his mouth," "*bulbe*" being Yiddish for "potato."

JASPER
NATIONAL PARK
in the CANADIAN ROCKIES

℞ for People who have been Everywhere

Breath-taking peaks to climb or just admire.



Sparkling lakes and splashing streams in a perfect setting.

Jasper Park in the Canadian Rockies—it's the place where knowing world travelers *come back for more!* Delightful social life, and the gracious hospitality that has made Canadian National famous. In addition, the world's most thrilling mountain setting for all the things you like to do—golf, tennis, swimming, fishing, hiking, riding, and loafing. Rates with meals at Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge are from $7.00 a day. And, after Jasper, you'll want to go on from Vancouver to Alaska—Canadian National trains and steamships all the way!

Low rail fares. Air-conditioned equipment from Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, to Jasper and Vancouver.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

For new Alaska and Jasper National Park booklets, call or write any Canadian National Office.

Boston.....186 Tremont Street
Buffalo.....420 Main Street
Chicago.....4 S. Michigan Avenue
Cincinnati.....206 Dixie Terminal Bldg.
Detroit.....1239 Washington Boulevard
Duluth.....428 W. Superior Street
Kansas City.....414 Fairfax Bldg.
Los Angeles.....607 S. Grand Avenue
Minneapolis.....634 Marquette Avenue
New York.....673 Fifth Avenue
Montreal.....360 McGill Street
Philadelphia.....1500 Chestnut Street
Pittsburgh.....355 Fifth Avenue
Portland, Me.....Grand Trunk Ry. Station
San Francisco.....648 Market Street
Seattle.....1329 Fourth Avenue
St. Louis.....314 No. Broadway
St. Paul.....First National Bank Bldg.
Washington, D. C...922 15th St., N. W.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

LICENSED TO GNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after a while, to talk to the waiters. There are ten of them, not all Jewish, but all so malleable that they speak in the accents of their milieu. It was with the impulsive tongues of children that they told me of the glory that has been theirs, and of the celebrities, from a world beyond the Royal, who have honored them with visits. Paul Muni first met his wife at the Royal, they said. Fannie Hurst likes roast beef, Eddie Cantor is a sucker for rolled beef, while Mayor LaGuardia leans to brisket of beef and sauerkraut. The list of distinguished visitors went on and on: Max Baer and Jack Benny, David Sarnoff, Erno Rapee, George Sokolsky, Will Durant and Milt Gross, to say nothing of Carl Van Vechten. Lynn Fontanne, they agreed after a hasty conference, had eaten goulash the last time she was there. The founder of the Royal died six years ago, after a memorable career, the waiters explained, and his widow, Mary Szathmary, carries on his great work. She has turned down an offer of $130,000 in cash for the café and its name. The waiters have decided that that was pretty smart of her.

"Actors *living* here," one said. "Eat, act, come back."

EXHAUSTED, I returned to my table and ordered black coffee.

At three, the lights went low. I got up to leave. There was still plenty of fire in the voices. I heard a dithyramb for Pincus Thomashefsky, dead these many, many years. A touching tribute was being spoken for Max Reinhardt's "The Eternal Road." Men began to get their black hats. Elegant canes appeared, and fur-collared coats, and caracul caps. The card tables settled up.

It was still raining as I walked out into the night, and I could hear the voices, undiminished, raging behind me. —LEONARD Q. ROSS

•

Public schools will reopen today, some faces will be mussed on account of colds and grippe.—*Salem (Mass.) Evening News.*

But they'll come back into shape again.

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times*]

It is interesting to note, however, that since the Nation was founded this is the first March 4 which, falling on a week day, has not been marked by the inauguration of a President

This Year all Years Great Britain & Ireland

CORONATION! The thrill and glamour of solemn ceremony, the event of a lifetime in European History. London in gala decoration—but do not confine yourself to London... England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, you must visit them all before you return.

ENGLAND—You must not miss the historic monuments, its picturesque countryside and villages; the great Cathedral Cities of Canterbury and York, Durham and Chester; the ageless Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the lovely West Country, Devon and Cornwall, Shakespeare's home town of Stratford-on-Avon—the Lake District, beloved of English poets. You must also go to the South Coast—to the famous resorts of Brighton and Bournemouth.

SCOTLAND—You can speed North from London to the contrasting beauties of Scotland on the famous "Flying Scotsman" or by the "Royal Scot"—crack flyers with an international reputation. Thrill to the skirl of pipes in Edinburgh—golf at St. Andrews and Gleneagles—re-live the brave tales of Scott and Stevenson in the Scottish Highlands.

IRELAND—There, too, you will find a historic country of incredible beauty and charm; your trip will be incomplete unless you visit that gracious island which offers you open-hearted hospitality and the finest of sport.

And you can travel to the Continent and have a choice of 18 different routes including those through the famous ports of Dover and Harwich, or sleep your way between London and Paris by the new Train Ferry service.

For itineraries, literature, maps, etc., write Department 408
T. R. DESTER, General Traffic Manager, 551 Fifth Ave., New York. L. T. Jones, Middle West Representative, 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., J. D. Cameron, Pacific Coast Representative, 412 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, or your own Tourist Agent

ASSOCIATED BRITISH & IRISH RAILWAYS
INCORPORATED

LICENSED TO NZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE'LL PRANCE

and YOU'LL PREEN

You may pride yourself, and rightly so, if you cover your walls with a spirited and romantic wallpaper, such as this one from the 1937 Imperial collection. If you prefer a less dashing background, it's yours for the selecting, too...a pastel fantasy, perhaps, or a modern paper, brash and bold, or something correctly formal.

At any rate, a glance through the richly versatile new Imperial designs will reward you. And you may be sure that the paper you select is infinitely practical...washable, fast to light, of a quality only the largest wallpaper research laboratories in the world can produce. Look for the silver label, your guarantee, when you ask your paperhanger or decorator to show you Imperial.

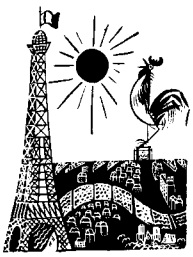
Copr. 1937—Imperial Paper & Color Corp.
Glens Falls, New York

IMPERIAL Washable WALLPAPERS

Franchised Distributors, Dealers and Registered Craftsmen Everywhere

LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 31



MAYBE the theatre in Paris isn't what it used to be, but neither is the theatre in Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Moscow, or London. Indeed, the French stage is so much better, on the whole, than either the English or the German that this year's tourists should visit the boulevards if only as a relief. There are other reasons for going to the theatre here. They are the unusually typical and informative French productions which will make up the Exposition's major theatrical season, with Jouvet, Baty, Dullin, and Pitoëff, that great cartel of talented and courageous producers, all represented. Our first choice would be "L'Ecole des Femmes," by Molière, produced by and starring Jouvet, with beautiful trick sets by Bérard, at the Théâtre de l'Athénée. This is one of the outstanding European productions of the decade. Even for those who speak only contemporary French, Molière's modernity is a revelation. For those who merely speak foreign tongues, the acting and sets are worth the price of admission. Second choice should be "Madame Bovary," produced by Baty and starring Marguerite Jamois, at the Montparnasse. This is Paris's nineteenth-century, romantic-play hit. Its costumes have influenced women's fashions; it has interesting cinematographic sets; Jamois is heartbreaking as the silly Emma. The other notable plays include "Le Voyage," by Bernstein, starring Valentine Tessier, at the Gymnase. She is the most personable and talented of the mature French actresses; the play, which is typical of the *doyen* of French playwrights, is about lovers who have their honeymoon at home. At the Atelier, Dullin is producing "Jules César," with Caesar made up to look like the Fascist Colonel de La Rocque; it has other interesting non-Shakespeareanisms, and should be seen by theatre students. France's most important new playwright, Salacrou, is author of "Un Homme comme les Autres," at the Œuvre. This is a psychological study of individualism (and adultery) in the new French manner. Sacha Guitry, who is France's Noel Coward, will appear in a repertory of his plays at the Madeleine. "Voyageur sans Bagages," at the Mathurins, starring the Pitoëffs, is a play about amnesia. The Pitoëffs are Paris's Theatre Guild, but with less backing and money; Mme. Pitoëff invariably is exquisite. The fashionable Bourdet has "Fric-Frac" at the Michodière, featuring the inimitable Boucher; if you're a snob, you mustn't pass this one up. As for the nude revues, don't miss either Josephine Baker, who has become a real artist, at the Folies-Bergère, or Maurice Chevalier, straw hat and all, at the Casino de Paris; both theatres house what are unquestionably the most sumptuous shows ever staged in Paris, with beautiful, slender girls, costumes in perfect taste for once, and, as usual, plenty of flesh.

As for the state theatres, the Odéon is staging an elaborate "Midsummer Night's Dream" in French, with music, dances, et al. At the Comédie, all the new Bourdet-managed novelties—such as Corneille's "L'Illusion," with phenomenal sets by Bérard; "Le Chandelier," by de Musset, and directed by Baty; and Pirandello's "Chacun Sa Verité," directed by Dullin—are items in new staging trends of definite and extremely French importance. If you come to Paris you'll practically have to go to the theatre.

SINCE last May, France has been the Front Populaire's political guinea pig. In the Blum laboratory, nine months of experiments have been made, with occasional squeals from the animal, cheers from the experimenters, and mingled cries of "Shame!" and "Bravo!" from the innocent bystanders, who are paying the bill. In the past few years, it has been the style among large nations to feel that France suddenly had shrunk out of their class into a second-rate power. Yet ever since last spring her importance, as an influential political quester, has been greater than that of any other European land. People may wonder how Russia, Germany, and Italy will turn out, but no one wonders how they will turn; their directions were taken years ago. France has been hunting hers since last spring. Lots of the French wish she'd start hunting for a needle in a haystack, which might be a better sporting proposition and would certainly give business a little peace. Lots of Detroiters wish France had never invented the sit-down strikes. Some of the London Labour Party wish she'd never thought up the Popular Front, which British Communists have just tried to foist on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

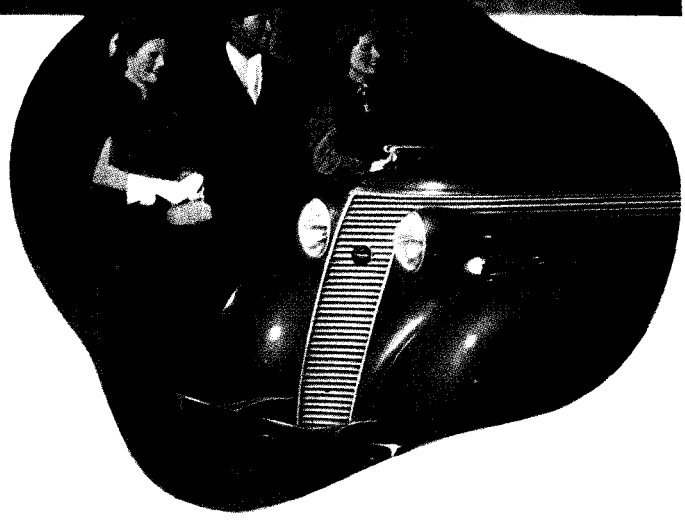
New Studebaker

STATE PRESIDENT

America's first premium car without a premium

ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

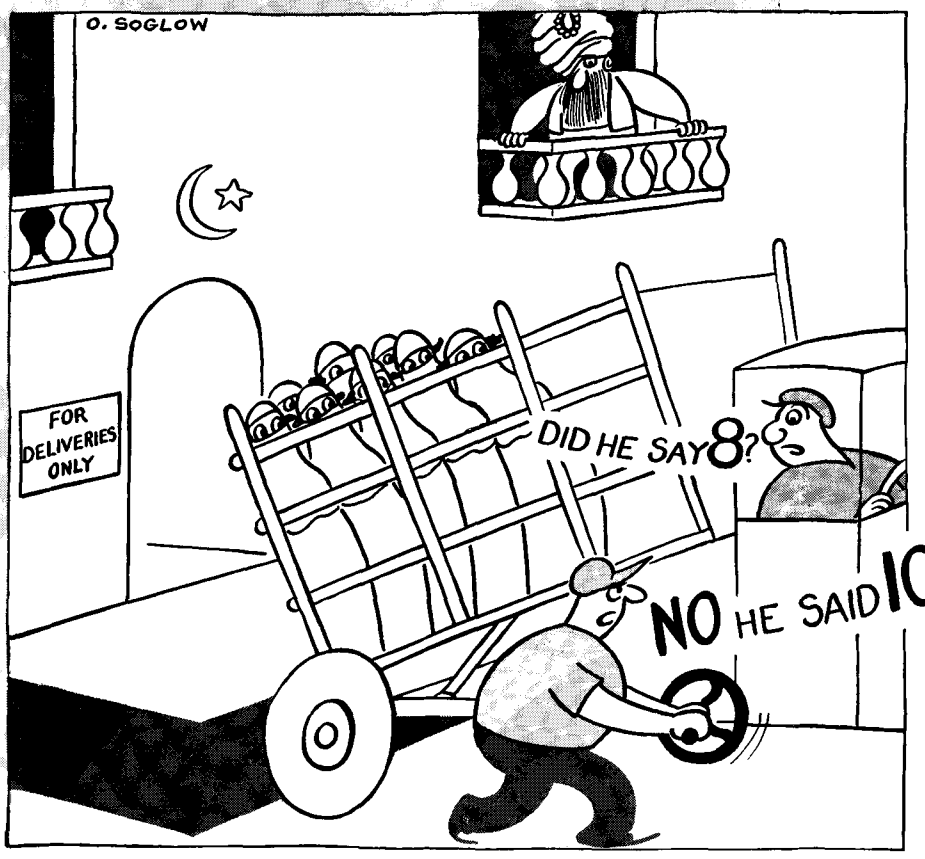
★ Beauty beyond words is no longer beyond moderate price . . . Studebaker presents the State President . . . a car that makes history at a price that makes sense. ★ Glorified inside and outside by the genius of Helen Dryden, this smart State President belongs in the upper brackets of premium styling from its tiny fender lamps to its chromium strip running boards and its costly custom pillow type upholstery. ★ Yet it offers the extra touches of fine car luxury without the extra tariff of fine car cost. Indeed it is only a trifle more than the standard Studebaker President, conceded to be one of the remarkably low priced cars of the year. ★ And the State President may be purchased, of course, on the convenient Studebaker C. I. T. budget plan. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.



RIDE IN STATE IN THE STATE PRESIDENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONSIDER THE AGE AS WELL AS THE BRAND!



88 PROOF
Blended Scotch Whisky

Don't short-change yourself on age. Martin's 10 Year Old now costs no more than most 8 Year Old (*or younger*) Scotches

EVERY DROP *over* 10 YEARS OLD

Imported by McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City

Martin's V.V.O. Blended Scotch Whisky

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the British Pinks. Whether Labor or Capital likes it or not, France's Popular Front, both as a Left theory and a Socialist program, has put France in a position of showing a nervous and influenceable world more than she has shown since the French Revolution.

The Popular Front has also shown a bigotry and lack of logic that are making less desirable history, such as the recent Clichy street riot between the Front and the Parti Social Français, in which five Frontists were killed, apparently by the police. Permission for the P. S. F. meeting was given by the government, whose newspapers, *Humanité* and *Populaire*, then printed appeals to their readers to make a counter-demonstration. Had a Right government so issued permission, followed by such an appeal, the Front would, with logic, have accused the Right of inciting a riot. Furthermore, the Front's treatment of all other demonstrators is odd in a republic. Within five days recently, permission was given for eleven Front meetings and denied to parties as divergent as the National Republicans and Mayor Doriot's new Parti Populaire.

In all this confusion, it has been Daladier, the Radical Socialist Minister of the Front Populaire, who has tried to open the people's eyes. Daladier said last autumn, after six months of stay-in strikes, that private-property ownership was one of the sacred tenets of the French Revolution; he has just said that "it is no service to the working class to allow them to be drawn toward the dangerous chimera of believing that the power will soon belong to them and them alone." It's true that Daladier spoke both a little too early and a little too late, considering the fact that stay-in strikes continue and that the workers' red flag now floats from the uncompleted Place de la Concorde gate of the Exposition. It's also true that no one else in the Front Populaire government has said such a mouthful of Republicanism at any time.

—Genêt

•

Dear Miss Dix—I have been going steady with a young man with whom I was in love. He would slap me any time I did or said anything he disliked. He never told me he loved me. I just took it for granted. I introduced him to a girl friend of mine and he has married her. Do you think I will ever love again?

Puzzled

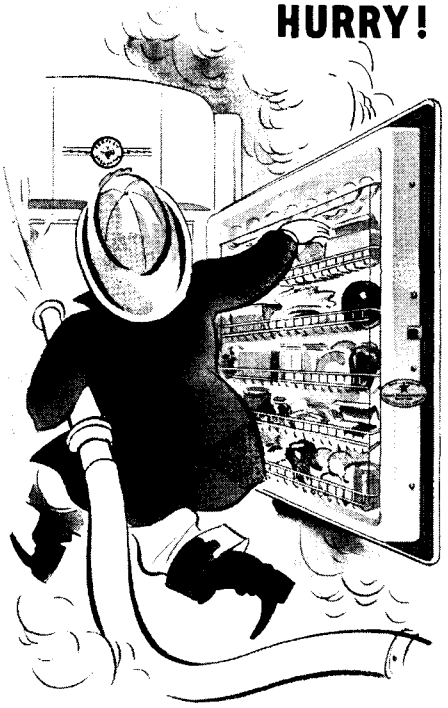
—*Boston Globe.*

"Youre not Drinking Enough"...
SMART YOUNG DOC TELLS DROOPY EXECUTIVE
DOC, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. I'M ALL IN BY NOON THESE DAYS. WHAT'LL I DO?
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS THAT YOU'RE NOT DRINKING ENOUGH...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I'M NOT A DRINKING MAN!
DON'T GET EXCITED - IT'S WATER I MEAN. NOTHING LIKE PLENTY OF COOL REFRESHING WATER TO KEEP YOU FIT. GET YOURSELF A THERMOS CARAFE SET LIKE MINE
A WEEK LATER FULL OF PEP AND ENERGY THANKS TO
The THERMOS Office Carafe Set
● The Doc's right. Water is the best medicine in the world. Two quarts of pure, healthful water a day will go a long way toward keeping you fit. Acquire the water drinking habit... The Thermos Office Carafe is a man-sized container that keeps water fresh and cool right on your desk.
Coffee Servers... Ice Tubs... Cocktail Shakers... Jug Sets... all are made by the makers of the famous Thermos brand vacuum bottles.
THE ONLY THERMOS
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
ALL VACUUM BOTTLES ARE NOT "THERMOS" BOTTLES
LOOK FOR THE NAME THERMOS ON THE BOTTOM
It's the registered trade-mark of
THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY NORWICH CONN
ALMETAL JUG SET
BOTTLES AND NESTED CUPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

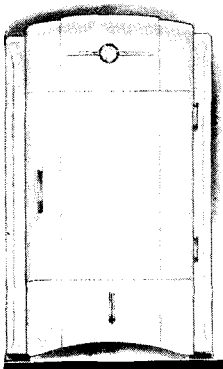
Handy

NO MATTER HOW GREAT YOUR HURRY!



All the most-often-needed foods . . . all those hard-to-place, hard-to-find small articles—right at your fingertips the moment you open the door. No wonder everyone is buying the new 1937 Crosley Shelvador Electric Refrigerator with the *exclusive*, fully insulated shelves-in-the-door. But that's not all the Shelvador gives you. There's more . . . More Beauty, More Economy, More Convenience, More Usable Space, More Accessibility. And still more—18-Point Temperature Control, Built-In Thermometer, Fast Freeze Ice Compartment, Tilting Shelves, Removable Shelf Section, beautiful Dulux Exterior, All-Porcelain Interior, Stora-drawer, and the startling new Electrosaver. See your Crosley Dealer. And see that your electric refrigerator is up-to-date—see that it is a 1937 Crosley Shelvador.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.
Home of
"the Nation's Station"
—WLW—500,000 Watts
—70 on your dial.



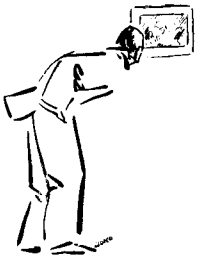
ELECTROSAVER
CUTS YOUR ELECTRIC COST

This marvelous money-saving feature of the new Crosley Shelvador gives you high-efficiency refrigeration at an unbelievably low operating cost. Powerful, yet quiet and vibrationless, the ELECTROSAVER maintains at all times a safe and uniform low temperature . . . gives you fast freezing . . . more ice . . . short running time . . . low running cost.

EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY

THE ART GALLERIES

Academicians and Others



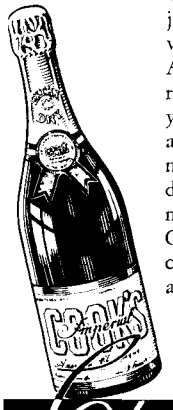
EVERY year when spring comes I try to think charitable thoughts about the National Academy of Design. If it was good enough for Ryder, Homer, Shirlaw, Eakins, surely it ought to be good enough for the rest of us. Why be put off by the fact that academies tend in the nature of things to be filled by people who look upon social punctilio as the essential underpinning of the arts—the people who keep on attending official dinners, and who never forget to attend official funerals, with just that touch of jauntiness which enables the spectator to distinguish them from the undertakers and the deceased?

Why should not a Bohemian shirker of both dinners and funerals feel grateful to the people who vicariously perform all these duties for him? If only I could keep away from Academy exhibitions, I could perhaps hold onto this benign frame of mind. But sooner or later one must look at the pictures that this body sponsors; and though the Academy has made efforts to refurbish its membership during the last few years, one has to confess that it remains on the whole—obviously with honorable exceptions—a group of nondescript mediocrities, who no more represent the living art of the country than the man who paints billboards on Longacre Square.

Almost half the exhibits of painting and sculpture this year are by non-members, but unfortunately like has a way of calling to like, so even this means of lifting the level has no appreciable effect upon the general standard. The award of the Isidor Medal to a painting like Gerald Leake's "Into the Night" might well take the savor out of any other award that a prize jury could make. It is only in the black-and-white room that any of the stir and excitement that American art has exhibited during the last generation is recorded.

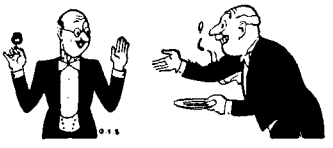
Recently the Academy has become busier. It has been forming groups in various cities and has been endeavoring to "exercise," as the catalogue says, "a really nationwide influence in the interest and advancement of American art."

"He ordered Champagne"

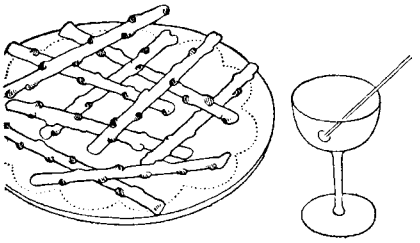


Of course she'll tell—and with admiration. Such good judgment, such good taste will never go unrewarded. And if it's COOK'S Imperial, America's finest for 78 years, the occasion becomes a new thrill of enjoyment—never to be forgotten. This delightful champagne costs no more than good cocktails. COOK'S Imperial is served correctly at all good hotels and restaurants.

COOK'S Imperial
AMERICAN
Champagne
AMERICAN WINE CO. ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.



You must try
TWIGLETS



Twiglets are a new discovery and a new sensation! They are delightful savoury biscuits with a tang all their own. For brightening the cocktail hour and adding zest to dinner parties there's nothing better. They arrive from Peek Frean's English bakery perfectly fresh and crisp, and you can get them at any good store or grocery.

PEEK FREAN

Distributors: Renken & Yates Smith Corporation

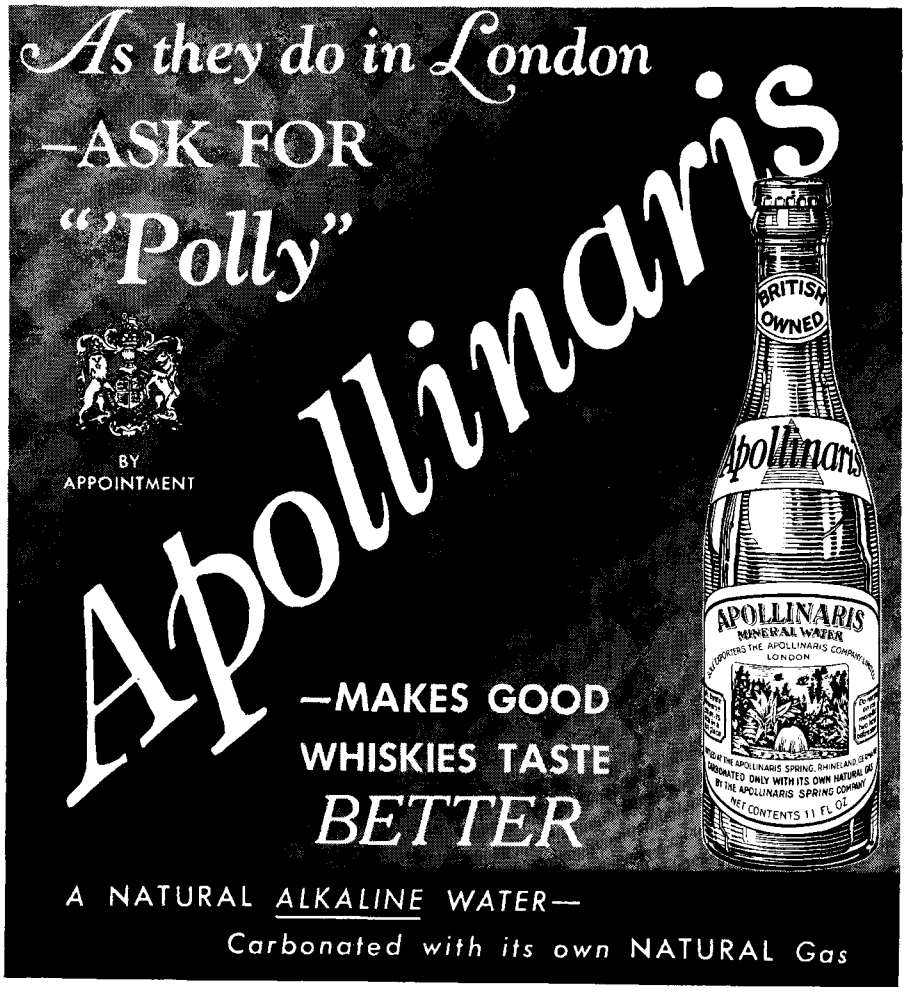
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

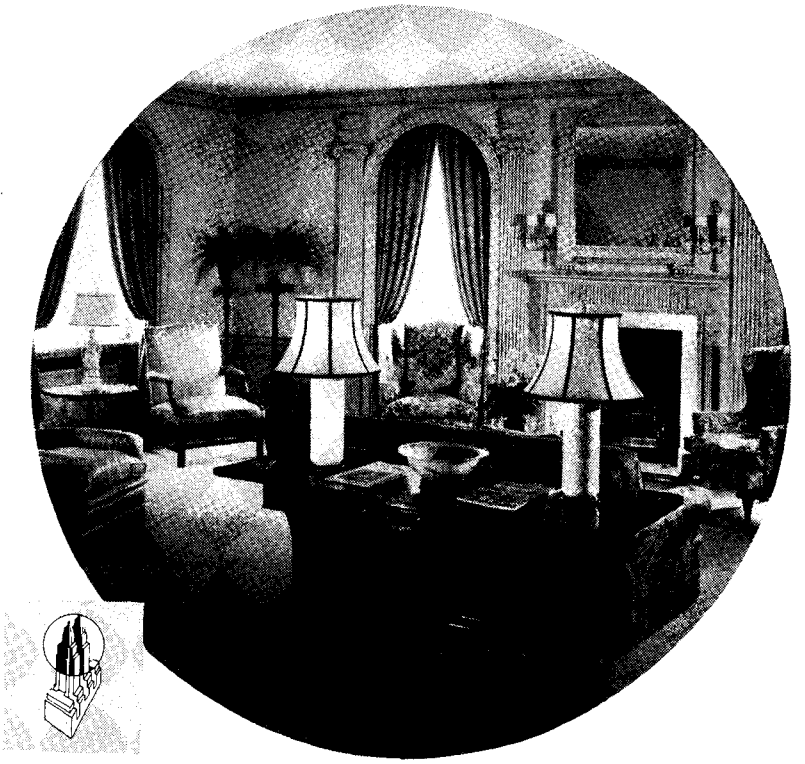
ever, that the Academy cannot really claim to be a central institution in American art. Its success might improve the cooking or the minor amenities of art in other regions, but it would be a disaster to painting and sculpture.

BY a sort of parallel sense of duty, I try every year to think uncharitable thoughts about the Society of Independent Artists. Has it not lived long enough? Has not the original gesture of protest become a stale one? Isn't it just as futile for such a society to extend a welcoming hand to John Taylor Arms as it is for the Academy to invite Reginald Marsh to exhibit? What, if any, purpose is fulfilled by this grand free-for-all at the Grand Central Palace? Who has been helped by such a show to find himself or to find his public? Would anybody, except the newspaper reporters, regret the passing of this show—and haven't even they begun to complain that the Independents have become tame and respectable? In short, hasn't this society turned into a National Academy of Designlessness, with not even the excuse that it can supply a polite gentleman, on short notice, to a Park Avenue or East Hampton dinner table?

But each year I am forced to take back these thoughts by the fact that the Independents' show is always, somehow, as full of defiant mass vitality as Coney Island on the first warm Sunday in May. One has to walk further to find the good pictures than at the Academy, but there are more of them, while those that fail do so, as often as not, with a loud, eloquent noise which is almost as much in the spirit of art as the genuine achievements. Someone has figured out that the directors of the Louvre, if they had bought their paintings by mathematical chance every year, instead of buying on the strength of the artists' current academic reputation, would at the end of a century have acquired a great collection more cheaply than by their method of exercising their intelligence and taste.

One may say much the same thing in comparing the Academy show and that of the Independents. Even if one momentarily includes pictures so bad that they would not get by an Academy jury, the average of the hit-or-miss system would be higher than that achieved by academic good judgment. For the standard of any academic body is almost inevitably the standard of some past life, some past success. If it could





The hospitable charm of a private home . . . the convenience of separate entrance and elevators . . . the perfection of Waldorf service and cuisine . . . await you in

THE TOWERS OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

50TH STREET just off PARK AVENUE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You *can* Discover

...rare ingredients for quiet home life... and you can discover them at Mayfair House, where the standard of living is well above the standard.

•

ON LEASE OR TRANSIENT
FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

•

PANTRIES
AMPLE CLOSET SPACE
CENTRAL REFRIGERATION
WOODBURNING FIREPLACES

Mayfair House
EDWARD H. CRANDALL
PARK AVENUE at 65th STREET, NEW YORK

QUICK RELIEF!

Soothing and healing GLYCO-THYMOLINE helps relieve raw, irritated membranes quickly. This 40 year old, alkaline solution is a pleasant and efficient corrector of acid mouth. Helps you prevent colds and sore throats.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE
at all drug stores

only in embryo, it would no longer be an academy. The real standards of any generation are formed by a small body of creative people who first impose upon themselves a new discipline, and first create for themselves alone a new pattern of organization. The authority that such artists exercise does not need the backing or prestige of an Academy; indeed, as soon as such sanction comes, it is a sure sign that the initiative has passed over to some other group. It is this invisible élite, sometimes invisible even to themselves, who erect the new standards from generation to generation. They may not appear even at an Independent Show, but they are far more likely to be found in such a place than in the more rigorous galleries of the National Academy.

NOW that abstract art is becoming vocal and visible again—a young group of abstract artists have banded together to put on a show at the Squibb Building—it is time to say a word about the curious neglect that Arthur Dove has suffered, a fact that comes home with special force after one has seen his brilliant new show at An American Place. Dove is one of the least derivative painters of abstractions now working in America; instead of hanging on the coattails of Picasso, Kandinsky, or Arp, he has established an idiom of his own, and he has become, after a long and not by any means even development, a painter whose force, decision, and originality give his latest work the full stamp of maturity. Some of his earlier fantasies seemed to me, I confess, a little thin, a little willful; and though I liked his humor, I was not, a decade ago, a very hearty admirer of his more serious paintings. But Dove's art during the past few years, which culminates in the present show, has removed my earlier doubts. Oils such as "Me and the Moon," "The Moon Was Laughing," "Golden Sun," and "Water Swirl" are vigorous, well-rounded works of art, in which an original vision has been recomposed into an equally original structure. People who think that wholly native American art must portray Iowa farmers or New Jersey filling stations should look long and prayerfully at Dove's paintings.

EVER since Paul Cadmus scandalized the dry-land admirals by exhibiting a painting which showed blue-jackets flirting with the gay girls of the Nineries on Riverside Drive—without

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

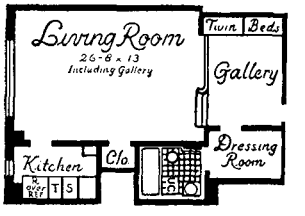
The CARLYLE

MADISON AVENUE at 76th ST.
NEW YORK
RHinelander 4-1600

A Residential Hotel with a Restaurant and Bar for the Discriminating.

Furnished or Unfurnished Apartments available

Ten Park Avenue
at 34th St.
CAledonia 5-5200



THIS UNUSUAL HOTEL SUITE
from $6 daily
Same rate for one or two persons
ALSO LARGER SUITES
Special Monthly Rates
RESTAURANT
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC
MANAGEMENT

VERY DESIRABLE
Apartment—East Side
Six rooms, 2 baths (including large living room with fireplace, dining room, 2 bedrooms, maid's room, and commodious kitchen) on Lexington Avenue and East 90th Street. Will sublet *unfurnished* from May 1st. *Any reasonable offer for Summer months will be considered;* after October 1st annual rent $1400. Rhinelander

has been more or less in the public eye. His present show at the Midtown Galleries is, however, the first one-man exhibition he has had. By interest and conscious intention, Cadmus is a satirist who wishes to touch off the vulgarities and weaknesses of the present-day American scene; by actual achievement, he is a caricaturist who utilizes the technique of academic painting to deface the nobilities and the ideal forms that academic painters delight in. Cadmus studies the slack cheeks of suburban businessmen at the golf links, captures the levelheaded fiend who takes a prompt snapshot of a polo-game accident, portrays the leering buttocks of the young ladies parading on a suburban main street or the Coney Island beach. He paints these phenomena with an extra touch of fleshliness, an extra shriek of mawkish color, that make his subjects completely repulsive. The result is not so much satire as inverted sentimentalism; his hand lingers too lovingly on the flesh he would chastise. Instead of hating the subject the painter holds up to scorn, one comes pretty near to hating the artist himself for giving one such an unpalatable mouthful. Aesthetically, Cadmus's compositions are still extremely conventional, even academic; his figures are usually arranged within the old triangular field. But his touch has improved during the last few years and his most recent paintings are not as sleekly wooden as his earlier ones. None of the paintings in the present show seem to me fully to live up to Cadmus's declared intentions; but he is young enough to overcome his academic bondage and his ambivalent attitude toward his subjects.

IF you are interested in the relatively younger people, as you ought to be, you will find a number of other contemporary shows that are rewarding. Emlen Etting's paintings, at the Boyer Galleries, are the work of a lyrical talent, melodious, a little thin and plaintive, but very attractive. Hermine Loughney, at the Artists' Gallery, has a gay palette, and though in most of her paintings her forms are subordinate to the surface pattern, her "Nude" and her "Italian Family" lead away from her textile-like surfaces into maturer, richer compositions. As for the three Pintos, at the Valentine Gallery, the show is interesting for introducing a less well-known member, Biagio, whose sombre "Fruit" (No. 17) provides an admirable foil to the gayer, higher keys of Salvatore and Angelo.

To Coronation Visitors

Peggy Sage's London Salon

extends an Invitation

The Peggy Sage London Salon at 130 New Bond Street, where Miss Sage will preside in person during the Coronation. Her perfect Salon manicures and exclusive nail polish shades will lend their beauty to the glamorous London scene.

All roads lead to London this Spring . . . to the gaiety, the pomp and pageantry of the Coronation. Gathered there will be many of the world's smartest women . . . elegantes who will renew fingertip beauty at Miss Sage's Mayfair Salon.

If you, too, are Coronation-bound, list 130 New Bond Street among your calls. Meet Miss Sage in person. Enjoy the luxury, the glamour of a Peggy Sage manicure.

Whatever your plans, for now and forever, don't deny your fingers the charm of Peggy Sage Polish. True to the royal colors of Fashion . . . and flattering beyond words . . . is the rich purple-red of "Coronation." Another exclusive Peggy Sage hue, it joins with Dusty Rose, Shrimp and Bisque, Tulip, Red Banana, with her jewel tints and clear colors, in creating new allure for fingertips.

All can be found at the better cosmetic counters, here and abroad, with the Peggy Sage Hand Creams and Lotions, the Nail and Cuticle Preparations of beauty-bestowing fame.

PEGGY SAGE

SALON MANICURE PREPARATIONS

Liquid Polish $1.00 . . . Lubricant Polish Remover 50¢ . . . Cuticle Remover 75¢
Nail Dress $1.00 (for the health of nails and cuticle) . . . Gardenia Liquid Hand Cream $1.00
Hand Lotion $1.00 . . . Hand Creams $1.00 . . . Manicure Sets $3. to $35.

PEGGY SAGE SALONS: 50 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK PHONE PLAZA 3-9011

LICENSED TO ANZ.COM
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

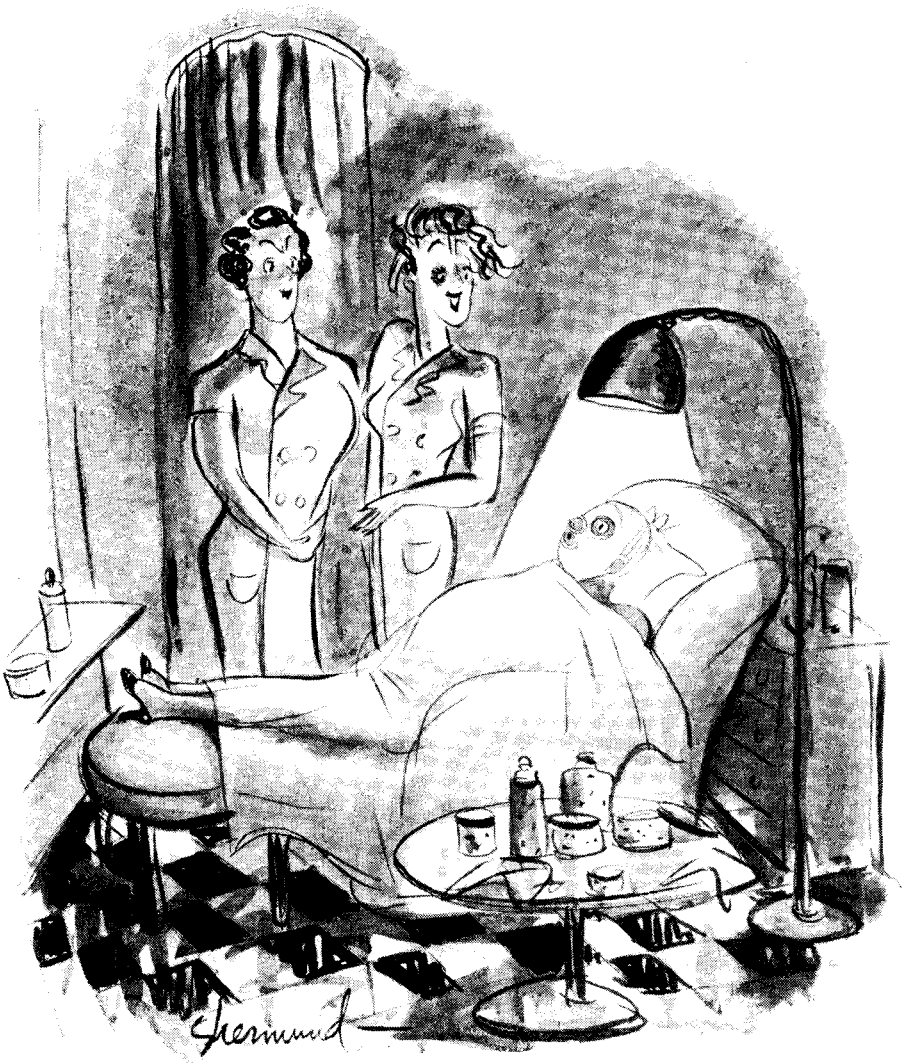
INTO the dim consciousness of this department has crept the realization that a good deal of grandeur, high style, Big Names, and top prices have crowded into this weekly sermon of late. So it occurred to one of the bright minds here that possibly you democratic readers would like to know of a few places where you can buy good clothes without so wrecking the budget that your entire families will have to go without their champagne cocktails this April.

Chez Rosette, at 417 Park Avenue (55th), is a place I will forever cherish, because of the perfection of its taste, and because its evening dresses, many of which have jackets, start at $19.95 and don't soar very far above that figure. For romantics, there is a full-skirted black taffeta dress with white flowers upon it, and red patent-leather piping on both the dress and the fitted jacket that goes over it. The whole thing is $24.95. For tailored types, there's a black crêpe with revers on the low décolletage, bone buttons, and a Roman-striped bolero. Bands of narrow lace form the most enchanting short lingerie evening jackets. These cost $16.95, and come in pink and black, but you can order them in any color. Or you may prefer tailored white organdie with turnover collars, trimmed with bands of tiny thread curlicues. Printed suits abound here, and while this shop prefers long coats, either printed or plain, it has short jackets as well, like the collarless beige wool one worn over a simple black crêpe dress. And there are amazingly good dresses at $16.95, among them a simple navy-blue crêpe jewel with dark-red carnations on the belt.

Toute Prête, at 547 Madison Avenue (55th), has numbers of those utterly simple black dresses that are always hard to find at any price. A Molyneux black crêpe, with a long, collarless coat decorated with lavender hyacinths at the shoulder, illustrates the kind of thing I mean. There are many dresses with capes. One beauty, in a black basket-weave wool, has a standing white piqué collar, and a waist-length cape pleated to match the flounce at the hem. A great to-do is made about small floral prints on dark grounds. What with buttons that are horizontal on the jumper and vertical on the skirt (a long beige coat goes with this dress), it is apparent that spring surges in print manufacturers' bosoms as well as in other people's. Prices here, incidentally, start at $60.

STRAUSS-MARSH, at 50 West 57th Street, has a large and varied collection of sample dresses from well-known manufacturers and, by some necromancy, got exceptionally good copies of the best French models in record time. I had barely finished looking at the de-luxe showings when I romped into this place, certain that my eye had been so spoiled by all the luxury I had seen that I would sniff at clothes costing $20.95, no matter what they might be. Then I beheld Piguet's black crêpe dress with a yellow binding (the one with a wide skirt that can hook in front to form drapery), and Alix's silk jersey dress with the contrasting scarf dangling from neckline to hem, and that black crêpe Lanvin with starched white linen flowers at the neckline. I don't know how Strauss-Marsh does it. You'll find a great variety of dressmaker suits —pink-and-black dresses with short-sleeved black velveteen coats, things like that. There are many simple and fitted coats (an evening one of bengaline is a honey at $18.95), and thin wool capes with taffeta linings. In any sample house, the turnover is rapid and you are never certain to find any specified model in stock, but you will find plenty of temptations and plenty of bargains here, for the top price is about $35, and you are treated like a spender if you toss that amount of money around.

For youthful, carefree hats, Dickerts, at 11 East 55th Street, is your dish. A



"Miss Ullman will take over now—if you don't mind

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little sports cap, exactly like a schoolboy's, with a button on top and a tiny visor flat to your eyebrows, comes in bright stitched felts. Exaggerated jockey caps are made of peach skirting felt, which looks like suède, with navy-blue suède under their visors. There is a lot of velvet around for you to wear right now, and it reaches a good high in a tiny sailor of white toyo, with navy-blue velvet binding, and a red snood in back. The favorite close-to-the-head cap has peek-aboo crossed bands to show the hair in front, for a change, and over it Dickerts tosses its pet veil, shortish in back and reaching to the waist in front. (Some people smoke right through the veil, in case you are interested in the problems of the upper classes.) There are poke bonnets, berets, pillboxes, king-of-clubs tricornes; Dickerts plays no favorites. There are even high crowns, like the towering white piqué affair that looms over a curled-up navy felt brim. This establishment knows how to make a hat that fits the head (which is rare except among the French), and in one of these youthful lids, you can take five years off your age without risking a snicker.

THOSE patriotic members of the Old Guard who brought out a scarf with the Constitution written on it have now topped themselves with Independence Square—a huge affair of thin silk, with the Declaration and all those signatures. It is terribly chic, comes in three-color combinations (red, white, and blue seem most appropriate), and costs $8.50 at Lord & Taylor. . . . Because I want you readers to be happy, herewith is my annual gift to you: The expert who cleans, reweaves, and reconditions panamas, and sells the most beautiful new ones you ever saw, is R. H. Oetting, 210 Fifth Avenue (26th). We don't see robins or crocuses around the office much, but when the phone starts to ring and excited people demand the name of "that panama man," we know the winter is over. —L. L.

•

AN ENVIOUS RECORD

For the fourth consecutive year The Hill has led forty-six other selected preparatory schools . . . in achieving the highest percentage of boys in the non-corrective postural group. . . . This is indeed an envious record and one which speaks for itself of the high degree of efficiency attained by our Physical Education Department.—*The Hill School Bulletin.*

That's fine. And the English Depart-

In the close-up

WEAR YOUR POWDER LIKE THE ROSE

No matter how close to you loving or critical eyes may come, Chiffon Powder actually appears a part of your skin. Like the delicate veil on rose petals, this marvelous shine-proof powder is almost invisible.

It is made by a special process that removes all the shiny particles that reflect light. Because of its marvelous texture, it cannot clog the pores, yet it clings to your skin for hours, giving it that soft dull finish.

In the close-up, wear your powder like the rose—with Chiffon. In eight lovely shades, $3 and $1 the box, at leading department and drug stores. Primrose House, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DESIGNED for figure rhythm, trim lines and cool comfort are these new *Net* Lastex "Foundettes" by Munsingwear. The resilient Lastex of which these two-way stretch foundation garments are made gives an extra strength of stretch that firms, flattens, slenderizes—yet allows graceful figure freedom.

Ask for a "Foundette" *try-on* at a good store near you. See what lithe, slim lines they give. Examine their wearable, washable texture. Note their economy!

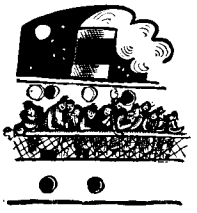
Girdles from $1 to $7.50; pantie-girdles from $1 to $3.50; full length foundations from $2 to $10.

MUNSINGWEAR, Minneapolis

"Foundettes" BY MUNSING Wear

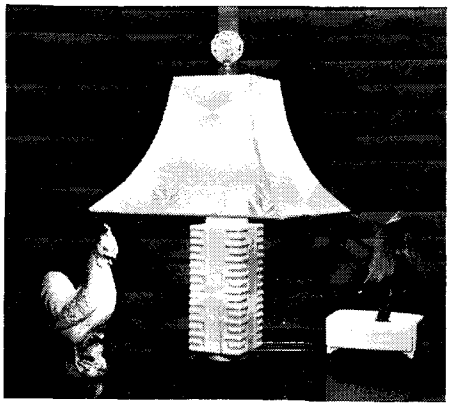
OUT OF TOWN

The Vagabond Life



TWICE since its début in 1933, the firm known as Tramp Trips, Inc., has been briefly mentioned in this department. It logically creeps in again, because, largely thanks to the organization's own efforts, travel on freighters and cargo liners has reached amazing proportions. Before Tramp Trips, 44 Beaver Street, and its new and smaller counterpart, Freighter Voyages, 299 Madison Avenue (41st), were established, it was somewhat difficult for the inexperienced to arrange for a booking on a freighter. The big agencies scorned the business. Now they will scurry about and find you a berth on a freighter bound for India, just as Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt of Tramp Trips, or Mr. E. E. Spranz of Freighter Voyages, will book you de luxe on the Normandie, if pressed; but all of them much prefer to stick to their own specialties.

Just in case you are slightly hazy about freighters, a note or two may be in order. Those that carry passengers —some can take as many as sixteen— carry them well, but you mustn't expect to find stewardesses and a ship's doctor aboard. Cabins are invariably amidships and outside, and are comfortably equipped. There is no pretension about the food; you eat with the officers, and the meals are plain but frequent. You have the run of the ship, and, reports say, become so fascinated by such maritime details as the tallying and stowage of cargo and the rigmarole of port entrance and clearing that forever after everyone else is a landlubber in your eyes. Freighters go, of course, everywhere, and pretty much on schedule, but you have to be prepared for sudden shifts in routing, necessitated by a change in cargo. Here are a couple of available trips, picked completely at random from the two firms' fascinating lists of offerings. The first carries you around the world in an eight-passenger ship, through the Panama Canal to Manila, China, the Dutch East Indies, Ceylon, and home via the Cape of Good Hope. Sailings twice a month; 130 days; $550. The second one, on a twelve-passenger freighter, takes you to the west coast of Africa



A GIFT SUPREME for King or Queen

Modern in every line. White Chinese porcelain lamp with brocade shade and carved genuine jade finial. Height 16 inches. $50 Complete. White porcelain rooster. Height 11", $7.50. Flower Bowl in lily white porcelain 4" x 6", $4.00.

Mail orders receive prompt attention

YAMANAKA & CO., INC.
680 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

NEW YORK'S CAPEHART SPECIALIST
THE Gramophone Shop Inc.
18 EAST 48th STREET · NEW YORK CITY

Unique Cuisine and Vintage Wines

A succession of superb dishes, aristocratically served in an atmosphere of quiet charm and good taste.

CAVIAR RESTAURANT
"Epicurean Rendezvous"
128 WEST 52nd

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from New York approximately every two weeks; 85 days; $540.

Haphazard and adventurous as the whole idea of freighter travel may seem, you needn't think that you can set off at the drop of a hat. Even though some of the zest may be taken out of the trip, you have to plan ahead. Months ahead. Already it's too late, except for a stroke of good luck, to get booked for a mid-June freighter. College folk, both students and faculty, have long ago tied up practically all the accommodations in freighters leaving from American ports. However, Mr. Hyatt, faced with the shortage of freighters on this side of the ocean, has made arrangements which enable him to book you on a freighter out of an English or Continental port. The boats are just as good as those that leave from here, and cheaper because the demand is less. There is, at the moment, plenty of space available for the early summer, but not for August, when the London Season has come to an end. Right after the Coronation, though, providing you plan quickly, you can ship for the Baltic, the Scandinavian countries, or the Mediterranean on a comfortable and leisurely boat which probably has never seen an American shore. Or you can charter, through Mr. Hyatt, a sailboat or a motorboat, with or without a skipper, and ply the inland waterways of the Norfolk Broads. A sixty-foot power craft which holds six people rents for $60 a week. Or you can cross to Rotterdam and board an English craft which leaves every Saturday on a week's trip through the canals of Holland.

Tramp Trips estimated the other day that sixty-five per cent of its freighter clients are women, many of them travelling alone. To date, sixteen of them have married either fellow-passengers or ship's officers. Mr. Hyatt can't make any promises, though. He does, however, throw out a few hints for freighter travel. Evening dress is, of course, taboo. For women, he recommends beach pajamas, shorts, cotton dresses, and linens while on the ship. For shore trips, in warm climates, the same type of sport clothes you'd wear at Northern shore resorts in the summer. For men, slacks and a pullover, and linen for shore use. For everyone, sun glasses and sunburn cream. On almost every freighter, you can find a steward who will do light laundering, but for the most part you're supposed to utilize the four-hour laundry service which is provided at practically every port for ship's officers. When you

© Brooks Brothers

SPRING SUITS AND OVERCOATS

All those characteristics which make Brooks Brothers' ready-made clothes so instantly distinguishable from others are as apparent this Spring as ever. The materials, for example, are in most instances specially imported from England and Scotland. The styles and models are made on patterns of our own origination and design. The workmanship is of an exceptionally high order. Finally, our restriction of all patterned materials insures an unusual individuality of choice.

Spring Suits and Overcoats . . . $58 *to* $90

Brooks Brothers' representatives are now visiting 51 cities from coast to coast. If you will write to our New York store, we shall be glad to send a copy of their itinerary and BROOKS-*Illustrated.*

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. • NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...and your feet dry

Through April showers and sunshine, keep your eye on the ball, your chin back, and your feet dry. In our large stock of sporting footwear, we have shoes for all kinds of golfers in all kinds of weather. We select two, suitable for the early season, to carry you comfortably through thirty-six holes.

A & F Brogue Golf Oxford..... $14.00
Norwegian leather; heavy flexible sole and removable spikes.

Other golf oxfords of special weather-proof construction with Darex soles and heels..... $12.50

Moccasin Golf Oxford.....$12.50
Imported brown veal. Flexible and damp-proof leather soles with spikes.

With non-slip rubber soles and heels..... $10.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

CHICAGO STORE:

pay a deposit of twenty-five per cent of your total fare; the balance is payable two weeks before sailing. Even the humblest freighters have deck chairs, and on some (for such is the state of modern vagabondage) there are individual shower baths, and beds instead of berths.

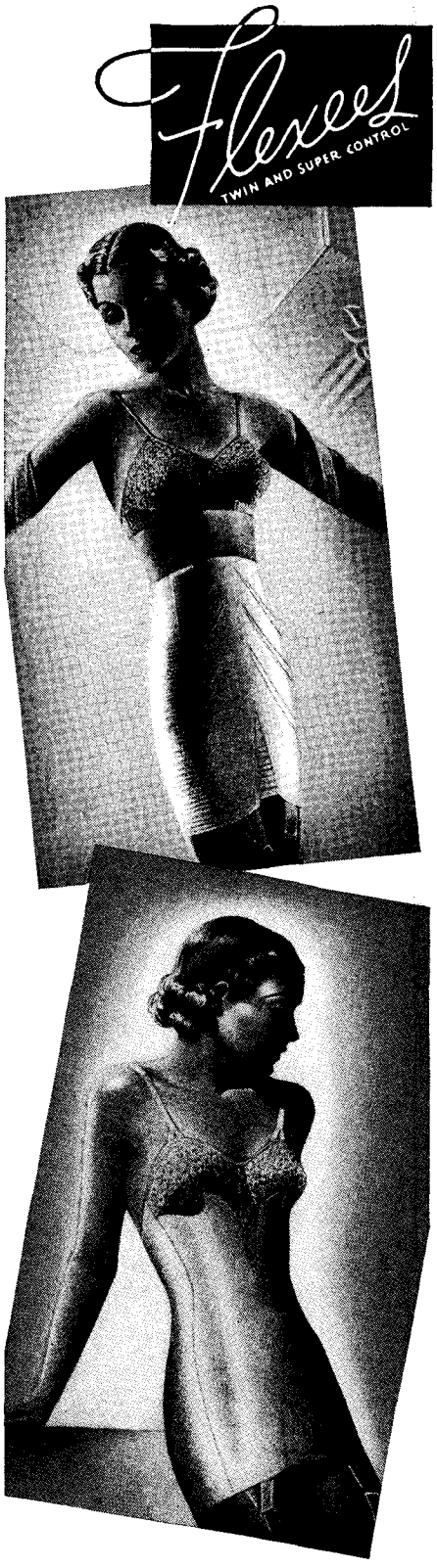
AS dessert, here is a note or two on the luxury liners. Some people have been a bit worried because such new and shining ships as the Normandie and the Queen Mary have been in dry dock. The bare fact of their temporary retirement has no special significance: all liners take an annual vacation for overhauling and refurbishing in the slack season. Last year, the Normandie's weight was increased to help reduce the vibration which caused the French Line so much despair when the ship was brand-new. The change helped enormously, but any ship travelling at twenty-nine or thirty knots is bound to shake. This year, in addition to making a few minor alterations in staterooms and touching up the gold paint here and there, the French Line installed new propellers to tone down the vibration even more and to increase the speed. You know the result. The Normandie beat the Queen Mary's eastward crossing record in March, despite head winds and storms and the fact that she has less horsepower than the Queen. The pitch of the new four-bladed propellers is supposed to have done the trick. However, according to an entirely unbiassed authority, the Queen Mary is still the faster boat and can recapture her crown any time she wants to. Several changes were made in her during her layup this year. The space which was formerly occupied by the sun deck immediately aft of the veranda grill has been turned into additional staterooms, and the grill itself has been enlarged. The expert we consulted also pointed out, to refute people who have been saying both ships are much too big for smooth sailing, that a keel has already been laid for a new Cunarder, at least as big as the Queen, and the shipbuilders, after all, wouldn't have done that if they thought they were on the wrong tack.

—S. W. R.

•

If the WPA ever asks the Hoboken and American Music Hall revivalists: "What've you got that I haven't got?" the answer will be:

RUTH REYNOLDS
—*The Daily News.*



There's a FLEXEES for every costume... and every costume is lovelier with a FLEXEES! The diagonal discipline of our Improved Twin and Super Control molds you and holds you in lines of natural loveliness. Wear a FLEXEES, and instantly acquire a new grace... the poise, the fluid lines of youth. Twin Control is perfect if you're average... if your proportions are statuesque, we created Super Control especially for you. Ask for it at your favorite store. $5 to $25. FLEXEES, New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REV. AURAHAM AND THE BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB

I HAVE been sitting here for some time now thinking about the four books awarded consolation prizes by the Book of the Month Club not so long ago. You may remember they were honored because they were good books, published during the year, which the public failed to notice. The whole thing has brought up in my mind two questions: Why does the Book of the Month Club have to confine its selections to any one year, and what, if anything, do these books have that "The Persia of Today," by the Rev. Yonan Y. Auraham, lately of the Ur-Mi, Persia, more lately still of Cleveland, O., does not have? For there is a *good* book, with a warm, human quality to it, and Lord knows it has been unnoticed by the public—unnoticed not only this year but practically every year since it was published by the W. M. Bayne Printing Co'y, Cleveland, in May, 1896.

The Rev. Auraham gave little thought to the Persia of his day until he came to this country and began his service among the Christian Friends of the United States of America. Slowly the conviction grew upon him that his Christian Friends did not understand his people. "I know of a Persian gentleman who sat on a chair," the Rev. Auraham writes, "and in about five minutes he said that he was tired and preferred to sit on the floor, so he did." That sort of thing, causing, as it must, unfavorable comment, set the Rev. Auraham thinking. Finally he decided he'd better begin at the beginning and explain all.

"The Persians," he leads off, "are of medium stature, strong, and as a rule, healthy. In the cities no one is permitted to walk in the streets later than 10 p.m. If the policemen meet a man they will ask him if he knows the password. If no answer is given the man has to walk with them all night, and he will be beaten now and then with the fist on the back and neck and also be compelled to give them some money. This is the way he is entertained at night, and in the morning at half past five he is put into jail where he will spend his time until he pays the amount of money which the police master wants."

In the villages the huts have holes in the ceilings to take the place of windows. "Oftimes one of these windows will seem to be closed," the Rev. Auraham observes, "but if we examine closely we will see a man putting his head through to see who are the inmates of the house. Thus they ascertain if there are any strangers within the walls. But sometimes we may hear a voice, and listening closely, will find that it comes somewhere from the wall. The voice comes from the neighbors who live on the other side, and they are giving the news to members of this family through the hole in the wall. This way the news is circulated. Another way of spreading news is by means of gossip, which is practiced universally."

In this thoroughgoing vein, our author continues to discuss Persian mores, morals, and, finally, marriage. On this last subject, he writes feelingly indeed, probably because of an unhappy experience he had back in Ur-Mi. Next door to him there lived a well-to-do neighbor with four daughters, and our author fell in love with the second daughter. In his own words, "After loving her for two years, the Persian custom was followed, and our engagement announced at a public reception in the winter of 1888. During the winter of 1889 I was engaged in teaching in a village, and upon my return home in March I found that the young lady had not only given up the idea of marrying me, but had no desire to see me. This was made known to my people. It was a complete surprise to me, as well as a great disappointment. As it was very hard for me to give her up, the matter was prolonged for two weeks, thinking that she might change her mind; but, contrary to my expectations, she still declined; so I sued her for what she had received from me and my people, according to the Persian custom. This amounted to $150. How often are we disappointed at some things which we would like but can not have. Oh, how bad we feel; and yet, how glad afterward we are, because such was the will of God for our good!"

Reverting to marriage in general, the Rev. Auraham writes, "It is the habit for a young man's mother to look far and wide until she finds a girl she thinks may be suitable for her son. Then arrangements are made for a Persian bath where the young lady's people and her companions, as well as the young man's mother, are present. Here," he says delicately, "the girl is well inspected."

Are there sometimes difficulties? There are. Suppose, for example, that the young man's mother, having looked far and wide, finds a girl who, after inspection, seems suitable for her son. Then she must, according to Persian custom, ask the young lady's mother for the young lady's hand. "The mother then formally replies, 'I can not answer for my daughter until I consult her wishes.' Then the mother asks the girl, who will no doubt answer in the affirmative. If the negative is the answer, the mother advises and urges the girl to consent. If she is still inclined to refuse to comply with the mother's request, then," says the Rev. Auraham, quickly washing his hands of the whole affair, "she is whipped until the answer is 'all right.'" Once that's over with, the Persian says to his betrothed, "It is my right to love several women and your right only to love me. Attend to your duty and I will look out for my rights."

The Rev. Auraham meditates sombrely on this for a while, and then moves on to the subject of crime. He finds it fairly negligible in Persia. Trials are conducted with dispatch, and usually the prisoner is found guilty. If he is found guilty, he is usually sentenced to be executed, and when he is to be executed, "he will be taken from a prison, placed before a cannon, which is then fired off, and thus," the Rev. Auraham explains in a perfectly magnificent crescendo of compact writing, "the fragments of the body may be found abroad."

OUR author also makes it clear why it is a good thing that the Persians are, as a rule, healthy. "When a person is sick, all the relatives and friends of the sufferer gather around his bed where they keep up a loud conversation, laugh loudly, smoke their pipes, and the children in another part of the room play, sing and fight." Sometimes the procedure is not successful and the unhappy patient dies. Then

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUBIGANT

Gardenia

CONCENTRÉ

This perfume is the very essence of Gardenias—more lasting than the flower itself. Smartly packaged and sanely priced.

PERFUME $1.50, $2.75, $5.00 • DULL FINISH FACE POWDER . . . $1.00

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE NEW YORKER

☐ 1 Year — $5.00 ☐ 2 Years — $7.00

(Canada, 1 year $5.50; 2 years $8.00; Foreign, 1 year $6.00, 2 years $9.00)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to

THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 43RD STREET,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

number of traditional ceremonies follow, the most pleasing of which is conducted by the Mal-lah, or priest, in brotherly coöperation with the gravedigger. "The Mal-lah recites a prayer while the gravedigger takes the left arm of the corpse and shakes it gently, till the recitation is finished, in order to attract its attention to what the Mal-lah has to say."

But even this ceremony seems frequently to have been a bit hasty. "In some cases," the Rev. Auraham observes, with a tinge of regret, "passers by the cemetery have heard voices and when the graves have been opened it was found the body had changed the position it was placed into."

It should not be necessary for me to go further. I submit the Rev. Auraham and my case to the Book of the Month Club for consideration. Let it be the judge. —GEROLD FRANK

•

TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When knaves be gay and life is fresh
And maids make love without the blush,
When merry tunes are in the air
And to the winds do banish care,

Then voices wild on earth do ring
And heaven's birds begin to sing,
And poets from fancy's dream awake
To kiss the dames and ditties make.

Hey, let us drink to early spring
When mountains bow to morning's king,
When magic with his fairy wand
Besprinks the dew in wooded land.

To Love's red rose and daffodils
By younglings plucked on sunny hills
Where shepherds tend their lazy flocks
In pastures calm, near running brooks.

Now angels pure in gold and white
Do sweep the earth and bring the night.
Now stars do ope their sparkling eyes
And kiss me for these pretty lies.

—D. M.

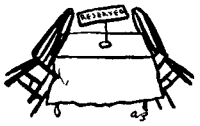
•

Everything seemed to go wrong that morning. Carlotta's melon was hard and green; she overcooked her egg and burned the toast. After she had washed the dishes and tidied up the apartment and went to take a bath, the water was only lukewarm. It relieved her mind somewhat to give the janitor a dressing-gown and threaten to report him, but that did not make the water any hotter.—*From a story in Redbook.*

It must have made the janitor hotter,

TABLES FOR TWO

Not for Homebodies



IT is just as well that all those smart people head home from the South at this time, for it saves our impresarios from getting into a rut. Some of the night spots might go so far as to have the same orchestra and entertainment for six weeks running, without once swapping with a rival establishment. But this influx is a challenge, and a frantic shuffle invariably takes place in an effort to garner all possible nickels before the spoiled rich leave for Southampton or Newport and the working classes head for the roofs.

As dressed-up places to dine and dance, the hotels are more than holding their own. Nightly the *haut monde* flocks to the St. Regis to dance to Emil Coleman's music and gawp like yokels at Boy-Foy, an incredible kid who rides a single-wheel bicycle (which is hard enough) in time to the music (which is difficult) and at the same time juggles, and balances balls on sticks resting on his chin and forehead (which is impossible). Eddy Duchin's sex appeal and his orchestral art have come home to the Plaza's Persian Room, to the delight of all; and of Veloz and Yolanda, this audience will never tire. The Waldorf-Astoria has brought back the singing, though social, Eve Symington, who broke all popular-demand records last winter, and the dance-band honors are smoothly divided between the hotsy Mr. Leo Reisman and the romantic Xavier Cugat.

The informal Savoy-Plaza grill, one of the most inviting and comfortable rooms in town, offers you Dwight Fiske at midnight, singing those new and naughty ditties which made the British government firm in its feeling that he would not add to the sanctity of the Coronation proceedings. This will go on for another week, and then, on April 16th, Sheila Barrett will come down to earth there for the first time in several years, her art in New York, of late, having soared in the Rainbow Room. Said Rainbow Room is consoling itself, with a cheerfulness discouraging to any artiste, with Jack Holland and June Hart, two of the most refreshing and expert young ballroom dancers this old crab has been privileged

IN THESE sweaters, Braemar of Scotland has achieved the very acme of quality and fashion and comfort. Made of a super Shetland yarn, they are wonderfully fine and light. They are available in white, as well as in all the Bermuda pastel colours.

At the House of Smith—lair of both quality *and* economy!—the Shetland Twins are priced as follows: The Cardigan, £1.17.6. The Pullover, £1.12.6.

Skirts tailored of Shetland Homespun, in colours to match the sweaters, each £2.5.0.

H. A. & E. Smith Ltd.

FIVE SHOPS IN

BERMUDA

(EST. 1889)

COATS • SPORTSWEAR • BRAEMAR SWEATERS • PERFUMES

British Apparel of All Sorts for Men and Women

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY APPOINTMENT

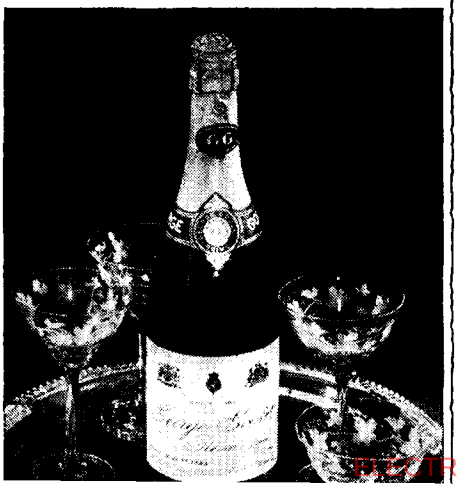
Champagne
George Goulet

NEW YORK
At
HOTEL AMBASSADOR
HOTEL ASTOR
HOTEL PIERRE
THE PLAZA
THE RAINBOW ROOM
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL
LOUIS SHERRY'S
HOTEL ST. REGIS
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

LONDON
At
THE SAVOY HOTEL
GROSVENOR HOUSE
THE CARLTON HOTEL

PARIS
At
HOTEL RITZ
HOTEL CRILLON
HOTEL SCRIBE

ARGENTI & CO., INC., NEW YORK
United States Agents and Importers



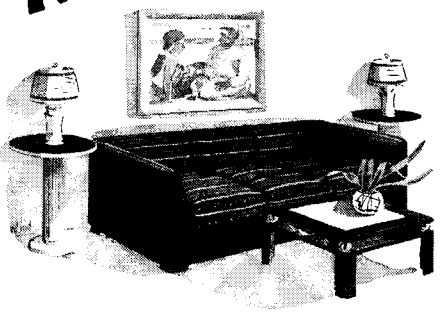
department's newest dream prince, playing the piano. Awful as it may seem in print, it is *more fun* hearing him make up a symphony in the style of Chopin or George Gershwin from any five notes the audience suggests or combine any five tunes in a majestic operatic composition. The Ruby Newman orchestra, however, is one of the drowsiest in town. If you feel like dancing, whip over to the informal Rainbow Grill, where Emery Deutsch has a band that will bring out all the romance in your soul. It's the type you like to listen to, and you will hate to sit at your table while doing so. Eddie Davis, who has another get-you-on-your-feet dance band, greets his addicts cheerily at the Restaurant Larue, and Frances Maddux, freshly tanned from Southern triumphs, sings "sophisticated" or lost-my-man ditties to a mixed and genial crowd there.

Barney is back in business at 86 University Place, having discovered that both his heart and his art belong in Greenwich Village. There is a long and hospitable bar, with Barney shrieking greetings to all and sundry, and there are banquettes nearby—for those who want to be in the centre of festivities. For the more detached type, there's the upstairs dining room, which is of the drawing-room school. And a piano player crops up here and there, or two beautiful dolls who, unexpectedly enough, play accordions. "Make yourself at home, my favorite customer," is the spirit of all Barney's places; the details are not ever very important.

I HAVE never been able to understand why the art of a quick dinner before the theatre has not been more widely developed in a New York that goes in so strongly for cocktail parties. The Hotel Gladstone apparently pondered the same phenomenon, for it has just opened up a snack-bar dining room, where chefs preside over a table of steaming hot dishes and the service, therefore, is quick like a fish. It is also to be noted that the management, in a merciful sort of way, throws in a bottle of *vin rosé* with the dollar-fifty dinner.

THE most cockeyed new opening to be heralded is that of the Chez Burlesque, at 9 West Fifty-second Street. Vernon MacFarlane, modestly dubbed "the Michelangelo of the night spots" by an impartial press agent, is doing the decor, which promises to be very come-up-and-see-me-some-time

planned MODERN..



We're world-renowned for our modern furniture. But to those seeking a *complete* decorative service, particularly brides, our story is much more impressive than that! Furniture, floor coverings, draperies, lamps, accessories—all are here in profuse array! Let Mme. Majeska assist you . . . without obligation.

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.
Open Mon., Wed. till 8, Sat. 6

from Frank Brothers
SOPHISTOCRAT

The sprightly Sophistocrat last forms this Banda Sandal that swirls 'round the ankle and over the in-step. In slate-blue calf, fox tan, red or patent leather 15.75

Frank Brothers
FIFTH AVE., bet. 47th & 48th Sts., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bar, and ladies' legs for the balustrade, it will be veree naughty, Baybee. And there will be continuous dancing and ze dainty and de-luxe strip tease for entertainment. They say it will open the week you read this, and I don't see how you can contain yourselves.

WHOOPEE NOTES: The new Cotton Club show is perfectly wonderful, with Duke Ellington, Ethel Waters, and the Nicholas brothers as star attractions, and those lovely creamy-brown chorus girls on which to feast your eyes. . . . The Harlem Uproar House, its low-down cousin at Fifty-first Street and Broadway, sprang out with a violent new show which has in it a voodoo number that is better than any authentic voodoo I ever saw. . . . The Onyx Club, with bright paint, a bar for lone men, and a slightly new location, 62 West Fifty-second Street, holds forth for stayouts, as usual, but something must be done about Stuff Smith. The swing music and the comedy are still superb, but the boys are getting a little arty and smirking, and should be slapped down before it is too late. Herewith a smack on the right cheek, special delivery.

MURRAY HILL has been neglected in the matter of attractive bars, though it had a solace in Number Seventy Park Avenue, with its comfortable chairs and cheerful atmosphere. Now the Hotel White has opened the Mary Murray Room, which is like the comfortable lounge of a club. At cocktail time, it has Julie Gillespie, who sings in a charming and appealing way, and Clifford Newdahl, my very favorite singer of gay Viennese and Central European tunes. Here is a boy with charm whom men do not want to sock on the nose. . . . The most spectacular new bar you ever saw is at the Hotel Warwick—the Raleigh Room, with vast and lovely murals by Dean Cornwell. Somehow, the decoration is not too awesome for comfort, and the lighting is good (if something isn't done about the popular delusion that pink and amber lights are becoming to women, I shall in all good faith shoot myself). There is a dance orchestra, too, with a knack of playing loud enough for dancers and soft enough for talkers. . . . For those days when a hearty greeting would make you drop shivering to the ground, the little French bar in the back of the Marguery Restaurant will make you enjoy the fact that you are never going to amount to anything

THE GIN, pfd.*

★ *Preferred by men who know quality. No drink is smoother than the gin you mix with . . . next time try* **Milshire.** G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S MILSHIRE DRY GIN

BY THE MAKERS OF HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS

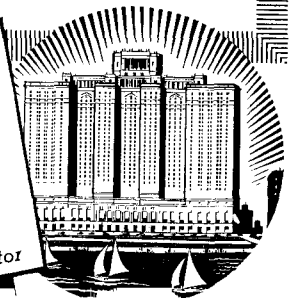
90 PROOF — DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

There's a GOOD SIDE TO GOSSIP

Listen as you loiter through your morning shave on any of the crack trains coming into Chicago and you'll be sure to hear someone say, "I'm going right home—to The Stevens." Men who know the full flavor of living say lots of fine things about the world of ease and comfort to be found here in Chicago—at the world's largest hotel.

They talk about the location, so ideal for active days and restful nights . . . the downy beds inviting deep, refreshing sleep . . . the food so temptingly prepared. They also tell of thoughtful little things you too seldom find elsewhere—service details that keep your mind at ease.

Come to The Stevens. You'll find abundant comfort—the new joy of living that has made The Stevens Chicago's Outstanding Hotel.



Stevens HOTEL CHICAGO

[illegible] Managing Director

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence

won't go on the road... but they'll sing the hits from

"TONIGHT AT 8:30"

for you in your home

You can see Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in "Tonight at 8:30" only in New York. But you can hear them in your own home... hear the musical hits from *all* nine of their plays for less than half the price you'd pay for one theatre ticket to the three evenings of "Tonight at 8:30". Victor Higher Fidelity recording is so realistic it actually seems to bring the theatre into your home.

RECORDS FROM "TONIGHT AT 8:30"

by Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence

36191—Scenes from "Shadow Play" **$1.25**

36192—Scenes from "Family Album" **$1.25**

36193—Scenes from "Red Peppers" **$1.25**

Dance Tunes from "Tonight at 8:30"

25438—Play, Orchestra, Play —*Fox Trot*
At the Cafe Continental —*Fox Trot*
Roy Fox and His Orchestra **$ .75**

25439—We Were Dancing *and* Parisian Pierrot **$ .75**

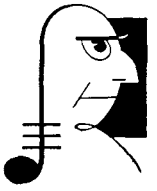
Victor Records also offer you the music from *"Red, Hot and Blue", "The Show is On"*, and other current New York stage hits.

RCA presents "The Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. S. T., on NBC Blue Network.

HIGHER FIDELITY
VICTOR
RECORDS

MUSICAL EVENTS

Choirs and a Recitalist



ORCHESTRAS and choruses got together for ambitious entertainments in Carnegie Hall last week. The New York Women's Symphony collaborated with a collection of choral groups, the Philharmonic-Symphony teamed up with the chorus of the Art of Musical Russia, Inc., and the Boston Symphony finished off the week with the assistance of the Harvard Glee Club.

The Women's Symphony, which now includes six men to replace young women who have found other jobs, enlisted its choral associates for a performance of Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima." "Hora Novissima," composed forty-five years ago, was a shock to the current generation. The young customers may have expected something austerely respectable, but what they got was a composition which was, as things are now, outrageously melodious and dramatic. There are traces of the old-fashioned oratorio tricks in some parts of "Hora Novissima," but most of it has an odd freshness and independence, and for sheer musical skill, Professor Parker could give most current writers of choral music two strokes a hole and never lose a match.

Miss Brico conducted a rousing performance of the oratorio, and her choruses coöperated with resounding accuracy. The production of "Hora Novissima" was so good, in fact, that we needn't consider what happened to Brahms' Academic Festival Overture or his pretty dull Rhapsodie for contralto, men's chorus, and orchestra, both of which compositions were worked at earlier in the evening.

MR. RODZINSKI, who has the best nose for novelties of any conductor regularly employed in this part of the country, introduced a suite for orchestra, chorus, and tenor solo, derived from a ballet, "Harnasie," by the late Karol Szymanowski. The Harnasie are tough mountaineers, with lots of local color, an authority reports, although they probably aren't, as one member of the audience suggested, Carpathian hillbillies.

Szymanowski's music reshuffled for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Made only a step from *Paris*

CREME DE MENTHE
The enticing, true flavor of natural mint. Two kinds: rich green or crystal white. Proof 60°.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York

Julius WILE Importers SINCE 1877

GARNIER *Glorified* **LIQUEURS**

Persian Room at the Plaza

EDDY DUCHIN
and his Unrivalled Orchestra

VELOZ and YOLANDA
World's Finest Dancers
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Eddy Duchin at Saturday Cocktail Dansant
Veloz and Yolanda at Sunday Cocktail Dansant
Cocktail Hour Daily, **WILL McCUNE** and his Orchestra

Rodzinski, is fetching and vigorous, with just enough French dressing to start lobby debates about authenticity, the proper handling of folk materials, and the rest of the stuff that sounds so authoritative. Mr. Rodzinski directed it with all the necessary enthusiasm, the chorus made a thumping contribution, and Mr. Ivantzoff managed the tenor soli with his usual reliability.

FINISHING a brilliant sequence of visits to Carnegie Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky offered Liszt's "Faust Symphony." As usual, the playing was remarkable, and Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting, which sometimes makes one wonder if he's going to shake his hands free from his wrists, gave Everything to the music. I suppose one has to get in the mood to prevent the first and second movements of this symphony from seeming like a lot of homework. The third, which dodges self-conscious philosophy, virtue, and nobility until its finale, is a different party, entirely.

If one likes to observe a great musician at work, the symphony is fascinating, but unless one brings a technical interest or a case of pre-hypnosis to it, it isn't a protracted joy. The Harvard Glee Club, a superb group, had no trouble with its lines about the "*Ewig-Weibliche*." The transient tenor soloist wasn't so lucky.

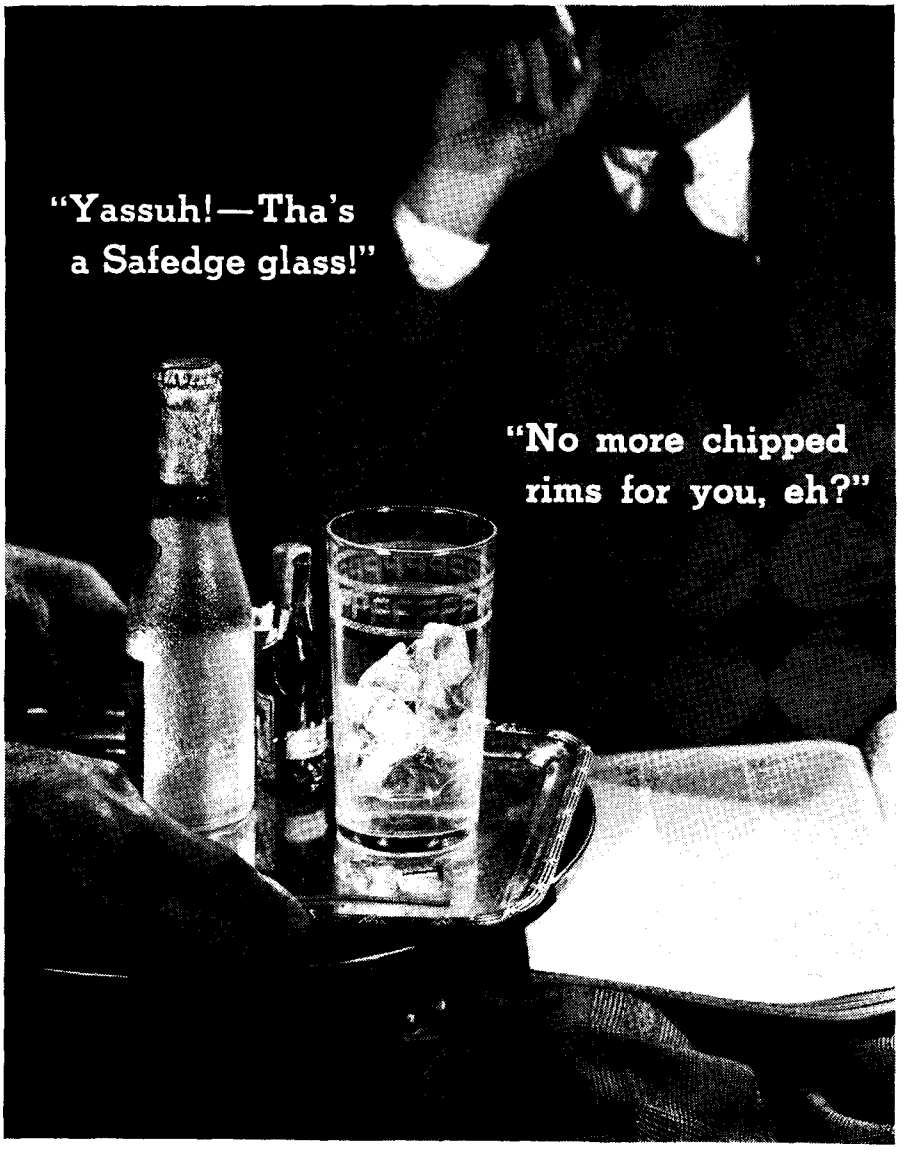
ABOUT a dozen years ago, I found myself on an auditions committee which heard a young contralto sing "O Mio Fernando" so excitingly that the decision to choose her as a winner was about the easiest that any committee ever has faced. She still sings "O Mio Fernando" better than anybody else I've heard, and she also has become a superb *Liedersängerin*. Sometimes I wish that there might be a little less solemnity about her programs and that she wouldn't work quite so hard at certain vowel sounds, but, by and large, she stands out among recitalists as she did that afternoon when I first heard her.

Her name is Marian Anderson. If you haven't heard her yet, she's giving another concert in Carnegie Hall in May. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

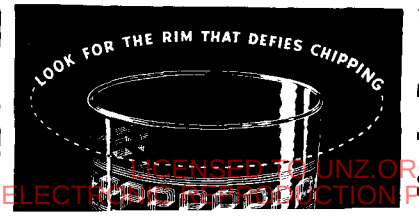
Moderns and Masters

MORE "Society" albums are turning up on the regular record releases for us plain folks. The second volume of the Delius Society is available as Columbia set 290, and in many ways



"SAFEDGE" AND LUXURY TRAVEL TOGETHER

The minute you board a Pullman train today a new and more exhilarating travel experience begins. Miles are cut in half by streamline trains that skim the rails smoothly and safely. The home-like conveniences and comforts of modern air-conditioned cars make your travel effortless and carefree. Friendly, gracious service greets you on all sides. And from club car to observation platform, aristocratic, thin-blown Safedge glassware—with its tiny, reinforced rim unmarred by nicks or scratches—brings added enjoyment to meals and beverages. Safedge, you know, is the only glassware in the world positively guaranteed against chipping. Its use on the better trains and in the better places is highly significant of additional consideration for the passenger or guest. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo, O.



LIBBEY

SAFEDGE GLASSWARE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COCKTAIL LIVERWURST

Something New . . they will make a hit at your next cocktail party!

STAHL-MEYER, INC., Cooper and Wyckoff Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send me postpaid the following at 35c each (5-oz. can):
☐ cans COCKTAIL SAUSAGES, ☐ cans COCKTAIL FRANKFURTS
☐ cans COCKTAIL LIVERWURST. I enclose check ☐ money order ☐
Name.....
Address.....
My dealer is.....
N

GLENEAGLES HOTEL
SCOTLAND

The Unrivalled Playground of the World

Descriptive literature (No. 205) and full particulars from T. R. Dester, Associated British and Irish Railways Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or Arthur Towle, L M S Hotels Controller, London, England.

IT'S A SOCIAL ASSET!

● With today's smart conversation so flavored with continental repartee and *bon mots*, knowledge of French is indispensable.

Learn French—or any other language—quickly and easily at Berlitz! Native Berlitz-trained teachers assure fluency and correct accent from the first lesson. Private or class instruction. Free demonstration lesson by appointment.

BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
CI 6-1416, 30 W. 34 St. PE

MANUEL
This is a Manuel Transformation before it has been dressed. The soft, curly hair may be dressed in any style to suit any individuality and for every occasion. Mail orders. Booklet!
485 Madison Ave., N. Y.
92 Champs Elysees, Paris

Society's first publication. The present album contains "Sea-Drift," with John Brownlee as soloist, "Over the Hills and Far Away," "In a Summer Garden," and an intermezzo from "Fennimore and Gerda." Sir Thomas Beecham directs the London Philharmonic in all of them. "Sea-Drift," to a text by Walt Whitman, is the major attraction, but if you like Delius's music at all, you'll like everything in the collection. The performances are excellent, and Mr. Brownlee's singing of English is an extra for those who don't object to clean, unaffected treatment of the language.

The first volume of the Sibelius Society has reached the general market as Victor album M-333. Although these discs were made several years ago, they're as well recorded as most of the current output, and the performances, directed by the late Robert Kajanus, may be regarded as "official," since Kajanus was the composer's choice as conductor of his music. The compositions are the fifth symphony (the one that irreverent listeners say ends like "Oh, Dry Those Tears"), "Pohjola's Daughter," and "Tapiola." The accompanying booklet, by Ernest Newman, is the best introduction to Sibelius that I ever have seen.

NO society exists for the distribution of Bruckner recordings (the energetic Bruckner Society doesn't include disc-making in its activities), but Bruckner music is beginning to find its way into the catalogues. The fourth symphony, known as the "romantic," played by the Saxonian State Orchestra under the guidance of Karl Böhm (Victor album M-331), is especially interesting for Brucknerians because the boys are playing the music as Bruckner wrote it and not as his editors overhauled it. For non-Brucknerians, the set is a helpful introduction to the composer, who gets a good break in the performance.

COMPETING versions of Beethoven's eighth symphony have emerged from the respective ateliers of Columbia and Victor. From Columbia, there is an album (No. 292) in which Felix Weingartner conducts the Vienna Philharmonic; from Victor (album M-336), there are Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. The prospective customer is lucky in having two such sets for his choice. The Weingartner presentation is the more mellow, the Koussevitzky the more excit-

TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your Beethoven, for both sets are well played and recorded.

CONTEMPORARIES are well represented in the first releases of Brunswick-Polydor, and this new label, made up of two familiar names, covers some valuable contributions to the record list. Album BP 3, for instance, is Roussel's third symphony, one of the most skillful of modern compositions, recorded smartly by the Lamoureux Symphony, with Albert Wolff in charge. More "modern" is Stravinsky's violin concerto in D major, played by Samuel Dushkin in album BP 1, the composer directing the Lamoureux orchestra. This concerto sounds more amusing on the discs than it did when it was played in Carnegie Hall several seasons ago, but it still doesn't seem like exactly the music to displace the violin concerti in D major of Beethoven, Brahms, or Tchaikovsky.

For an approach to the modernist's modernism, however, listen to Alban Berg's Lyric Suite for string quartet, which Brunswick-Polydor has had recorded by the Galimir String Quartet in album BP 2. It's no music for those who never have listened to anything more discordant than Brahms, although it's elementary for the serious students of the advanced. Maybe it's the music of the future; and if it isn't, the album has a souvenir value, for it represents a tendency which many good musicians believe to be in the right direction. For people who hear music for fun or relaxation—probably no.

Incidentally, Brunswick-Polydor's listings aren't confined to contemporaries, and we'll listen to more of their well-recorded offerings another time.

IF you don't despise charm, you'll like Fritz Kreisler's own string quartet, played by his phonographic foursome in Victor album M-335. It's pretty stuff, gracefully intoned by Mr. Kreisler and his colleagues, and its prettiness doesn't mean that there isn't plenty of sound music present.

Mozart special: The concerto in E-flat for two pianos (H.M.V. DB 3033-5; imported), the pianos being in the hands of the Schnabels, Artur and his son, Karl Ulrich. Sir Adrian Boult conducts the London Symphony, and the whole thing is a find. —R. A. S.

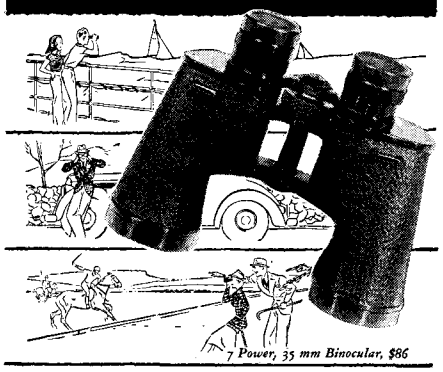
•

Harry, come home. Elsie ill. Everything all right. A.H.L.—*Public notice in the Herald Tribune*

MARTELL
SINCE 1715
The Cognac to the Connoisseur's Taste
MARTELL Cognac is DRY—not sweet. That is why connoisseurs have insisted on Martell for more than 222 years.
84 PROOF
MARTELL
J.& F. MARTELL
COGNAC
MARTELL
The COGNAC Brandy for every occasion
BOTTLED IN COGNAC, FRANCE, SINCE 1715

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seven League Boots
FOR YOUR EYES



Behind the fine optical system of a Bausch & Lomb Binocular, your eyes seem to take great space consuming strides — right out into the midst of the action—be it at a yacht race, polo game, track meet, or ride in the country.

SEND FOR CATALOG 40-page de luxe catalog free on request. Tells how to select a binocular for your use. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 442 Lomb Park, Rochester, N. Y.

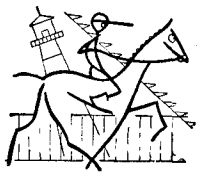
BAUSCH & LOMB
Binoculars
THE WORLD'S BEST
. . . BY ANY TEST

Restaurant
LARUE
PRESENTS
By Popular Request
the Return Engagement of

FRANCES MADDUX
APPEARING NIGHTLY AT 10:30
AND FOR SUPPER
featuring
EDDIE DAVIS
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
INTERNATIONAL TANGO ORCHESTRA
Nightly for dinner and after theatre
LUNCHEON SERVED
SATURDAY ONLY

THE RACE TRACK

Bowie Opening—As to Pompoon and Clodion



IF you're going down to Bowie for the Southern Maryland Handicap this weekend, don't forget the old advice about horses for courses. The track is sandy, and horses are fussy about such things. In fact, some horses who win at Bowie never win elsewhere.

Alfred Vanderbilt thought that he'd win the Rowe Memorial Handicap on the opening day of the season if his Speed to Spare liked the track, and Bill Gallagher felt the same way about his Rudie. Both horses finished out of the money. Speed to Spare led for half a mile; then Mucho Gusto came along and won from Zoic. New Deal was third. With likes and dislikes established, lots of people believed that Mucho Gusto and New Deal from the Araho Stable would have the Bowie Handicap pretty much to themselves last weekend. Just for that, Ray Bryson's Calumet Dick, who spent the winter at the track, beat them by lengths.

The Vanderbilt horses aren't starting out so buoyantly. Chanceview, who was bought to win the Santa Anita Handicap, and didn't, has developed fallen arches or something, and won't run this weekend; and Balking, the two-year-old filly who ran so fast at Los Angeles this winter, also has leg trouble.

I REALLY don't remember a pleasanter day for a Bowie opening—some have been positively glacial—or a larger crowd, but I can't say much for the horses.

Bowie has a new result-and-approximate-odds board. The numbers flash up in lights instead of being painted on in white and the approximate odds are shown in a single line across the top, which is much less confusing than the old way of putting the odds in columns. Harry Straus, who builds totalizators, constructed the new board, and the day before the meeting opened he put it through a test run, at the end of which he photographed it showing the result of an imaginary first race. The young man who pressed the buttons to put up the numbers must have been psychic

The Beautiful
TRIANON ROOM

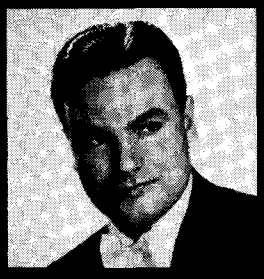
Cobina Wright
CONCERT AND RADIO STAR
Dick Gasparre
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
VINCENT BRAGALI Tango Orchestra
Gen. LODIJENSKI of the Russian Eagle
No convert except Saturdays
Tea Dancing on Saturdays
HOTEL Ambassador
PARK AVE • 51st to 52nd STS • NEW YORK

PLEASING All TASTES...
Any Garrett Wine..because of its excellent quality..is pleasing in color, bouquet and flavor. You may prefer tart-sweet Virginia Dare (light) Wines. The less sweet Sauternes. The dry Burgundy. Or Garrett's Port and Sherry with alcoholic content 19-21% by volume. Enjoy Garrett Wines today. At leading wine dealers. Since 1835.
Garrett & Company, Inc.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GARRETT'S
27 FINE AMERICAN WINES . . .
INCLUDING
VIRGINIA DARE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOWMAN ROOM



Dinner and Supper Dancing
Renowned Entertainment

CARL HOFF
his Orchestra
and an impressive array of
brilliant artists

THE BILTMORE
Madison Avenue at 43rd St., New York

BEWARE OF A BEARDED OLD MAN!

HIS NAME is Father Time ...and I learn of his visits to you, Madame, through the lines in your face, not your palm. But I predict a rosy future for you. Soon you will discover a wonderful potion called **Colonial Dames All-Purpose Cream** ...Use it regularly.. and laugh at Time!

Soft as snow, rich as pure cream, and activated with 2000 units of Vitamin D, this delightful beauty cream will help erase those tired lines and give your complexion a youthful texture and radiance. Try it just 14 days . . . and note the improvement.

$1.00 . . . AT BETTER SHOPS EVERYWHERE

Colonial Dames
DISTINGUISHED COSMETICS
4652 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

3120 was first, and the one having mutuel number 3125 was second. Next day, Real Jam, whose number was 3120, won the first race and paid $4.20 straight, and Clean Sport, whose number was 3125, finished second and paid $3.50 to place!

STOPPING off at Columbia, South Carolina, on my way North from Miami, I saw Pompoon. I daresay lots of people, especially J. H. Louchheim, who I'm told bet Ed Bradley $11,000 to $10,000 that Pompoon would beat Brooklyn in the Kentucky Derby, were in a dither because of the rumor that Pompoon had gone lame. Well, he hadn't. He'd taken a lame step or two as the result of wearing a badly fitting shoe, but when that was changed, he was quite all right again. Still, the lameness may recur any time if he's not properly shod, for the walls of his feet are unusually thin. Pompoon looks awfully well, and has lost none of his smooth action when galloping. Oddly enough, too, all the trainers at Columbia are enthusiastic about him, though he's 8–1 in the betting, and one generous gentleman in St. Louis is willing to lay even money that he won't be fourth in the Derby.

Horses do well at Columbia. The Buxton boys, who operate Winter Stables, Inc., as they call their training grounds, say it's the iodine in the grass and cabbage the horses eat that does the trick. If anyone were to ask me—nobody has yet—to name the three-year-old who wintered best at Columbia, I would pick Clodion. You remember, he beat Maedic at Jamaica, and won the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Handicap at Laurel, but at no time last year was he anything to telegraph your rich Aunt Emma about. Now he's filled out in the right places and grown into a handsomer horse than Pompoon, and what's more, he can run.

Matey, of course, isn't in the Derby, but he's worth remembering for The Preakness and The Belmont. We'll know more definitely about that after he runs for the Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace in a fortnight. And I mustn't forget Charing Cross or Dawn Play, who's the biggest filly you ever saw. She's easily seventeen hands high, and not so leggy.

COLONEL MARTINGALE, after watching the crowd jumping to catch a glimpse of the horses passing the stands, intends to bid for the pogo-stick concession at all tracks.

BY APPOINTMENT

A BURBERRY Serves Best

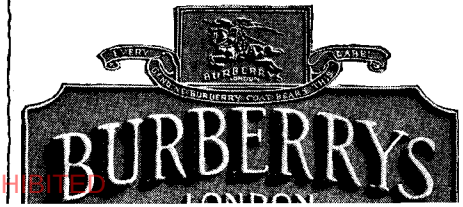
The wind-bite on Scottish moors...the torrid dampness of Central India...hold no terrors for Burberry Topcoats.

Perhaps too, it's the flavour of Ascot...Melton Mowbray ...Lords...in the styling, fabrics and smart appearance that brings to Burberry Topcoats their most distinctive characteristic. They are preferred by travelled men of affairs the world over.

Burberry Gabardines, weatherproofed for all seasons, have a Record for superlative Service in every country on the globe.

For the convenience of Burberry patrons, selected dealers are located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. An inquiry to Burberrys Ltd. 12 East 38th St., N. Y. C. will bring prompt response of location and address.

BURBERRYS Ltd.
of LONDON, ENGLAND



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GILBERT MILLER Productions

CEDRIC HARDWICKE in
"The AMAZING Dr. CLITTERHOUSE"
HUDSON Theatre, 44 St. E. of B'way.
BRy. 9-5582. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

HELEN HAYES
in
Victoria Regina
BROADHURST Theatre, West 44 St.
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. each Week:
Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday 2:40
No Performance Mondays

TOVARICH
with
MARTA ABBA and **JOHN HALLIDAY**
PLYMOUTH Theatre, West 45th St.
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

STORM OVER PATSY
by BRUNO FRANK, adapted by JAMES BRIDIE with SARA ALLGOOD, ROGER LIVESEY, CLAUDIA MORGAN, IAN MCLEAN, LEO G. CARROLL
GUILD THEA.
52nd St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

Maxwell Anderson's new play
The MASQUE of KINGS
with HENRY HULL, MARGO, DUDLEY DIGGES, PAULINE FREDERICK, GLENN ANDERS, HERBERT YOST
SHUBERT TH., 44 St. W. of B'way Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Eves. 8:40
300 Seats $1.10
Moves to Majestic Theatre Monday

BERNARD KLAWANS
presents

Constance Cummings
in
"Young Madame Conti"

MUSIC BOX THEATRE
W. 45 St. Evs. 8:45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Adapted by Benn W. Levy and Hubert Griffith from the play by Bruno Frank
Staged by Mr. Levy

Every night at 9:15 incl. Sunday

"The show is extremely funny . . . The gayest of New York's institutions."—*H. Brown, W'or.-Tel.*

VIRTUE AND VILLAINY AT GRIPS AT YALE

NAUGHTY-NAUGHT ('00)

Reserved chairs at tables $1.65 & $2.20

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL
141 E. 55th ST.
PLaza 3-2106

Raphael Plays in Cafe-Dinner & Supper Show Before & After

KATHARINE CORNELL
presents
CANDIDA
Empire Theater

Guthrie McClintic presents
Maxwell Anderson's
HIGH TOR
BURGESS MEREDITH PEGGY ASHCROFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTIONS
1ST YEAR SMASH HIT
"★ ★ ★ *Here's Fun.*"—*Mantle, News*
BROTHER RAT
By John Monks, Jr. & Fred. F. Finklehoffe
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. Mats. Thurs. and Sat.
2ND YEAR SMASH HIT
BOY MEETS GIRL
By BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK
CORT Thea. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:50

MESSRS. SHUBERT present
"I laughed like a fool and had no end of pleasure."
—*George Jean Nathan*
BEATRICE **LILLIE** ▲ BERT **LAHR**
In VINCENTE MINNELLI'S NEW MUSICAL
THE SHOW IS ON
REGINALD **GARDINER** · MITZI **MAYFAIR** · PAUL **HAAKON**
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Evs. 8:30 Sharp
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., $1 to $2.50

Dennis **KING** Helen **GLEASON** Ernest **TRUEX**
in FRANZ LEHAR'S New Operetta
Evs. 8:30
FREDERIKA
Staged and Directed by **HASSARD SHORT**
Mats. Wed. & Sat., $1 to $2.50
IMPERIAL THEA. 45 St. W. of B'way

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. Presents
Yes, My Darling Daughter
By Mark Reed
with Lucile WATSON—Peggy CONKLIN—Violet HEMING and Nicholas JOY
PLAYHOUSE W. 48 St. Evs. 8:45. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45

"★★★★ (Four Stars)" *MANTLE, NEWS.*
MAURICE EVANS
in
KING RICHARD II
St. James Theatre, W. 44 St., Lac. 4-4664
Evs. 8:30. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday. 2:30

SAM H. HARRIS presents
"A MAGNIFICENTLY FUNNY SHOW."
—*Time Magazine*
"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"
by MOSS HART & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
BOOTH Thea. 45 St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"One of the most fascinating plays of the season."—Lockridge, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
THE WOMEN
Comedy Hit by CLARE BOOTHE
CAST OF 40 — ALL WOMEN
Ethel Barrymore Th., W. 47 St. Ch. 4-2728
Evs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

Marc Connelly's production of
Having Wonderful Time
by Arthur Kober

"STUNNING ... FABULOUS"
JOHN HARKINS
N.Y. American
CLIFFORD C. FISCHER'S
FRENCH CASINO
FOLIES
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY
$2.50 Dinner 6:30 to 10 P. M. Supper MIN. (Food & Beverage) 10:30 to closing. Sats. & Hols. $3. First 3 tiers 50c ex.
NO COVER CHARGE
VINCENT TRAVERS & RUDOLF FRIML, Jr.
DANCE ORCHESTRAS
French Casino
7TH AVE. AT 50TH ST. • RESERVATIONS: COLUMBUS 5-7070
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS THEATRE-RESTAURANT

MOTION PICTURES

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
KATHARINE HEPBURN FRANCHOT TONE
in
"QUALITY STREET"
from Sir James Barrie's stage play
Gala Stage Revue • Symphony Orchestra
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. CO. 5-6535

4th WK.! JEANETTE **MacDONALD** • NELSON **EDDY**
in M-G-M's *"MAYTIME"*
Coming, Harlow, Taylor, "Personal Property"
CAPITOL B'WAY & 51st ST.

ASTOR
BROADWAY at 45th ST.
ALL SEATS RESERVED
Twice Daily, 2:45, 8:45. Sun. & Hol., 3:00, 6:00, 8:45. Midnite Show Sat. Prices (plus tax): Mats. (ex. Sat. Sun. & Hol.) 50c to $1. Eves. 50c to $2. Saturday Midnite & Sunday 6 P. M. 50c to $1.50.

Loew's LEADS IN NEW YORK
LEXINGTON Lex. Ave. at 51st
ZIEGFELD 54 St. and 6 Ave.
72nd St. and 3 Ave. | 83rd St. and B'way
PARADISE 188th St. BRONX
THUR. to MON. APR. 8-12
Claudette Colbert
Fred MacMurray
in "MAID OF SALEM"
and
"MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES"
with Roland Young
Entire week at Paradise starting Thur., April 8

The Magazine of Stage After-Dark Entertainment
On Newsstands
35c a copy
•
By Subscription
$3 a year

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Quality Street and Kamibayashi

IN the rush of such brilliant events as characterize this peculiarly happy phase of civilization, there is something soothing and relaxing in "Quality Street" and the Japanese "Kimiko." Different as they are, I rather suspect that these films will appeal to the same species of the human race. And I should say offhand that of the two, the species concerned is going to prefer "Kimiko." The audience I am thinking of is somewhat unpredictable, however—not the sort of people who make those long queues beneath the flaring lights that indicate a Harlow, Gable, or Joe E. Brown film. They aren't reliable box-office material; the Industry has little time for them. That it doesn't snub them altogether is proved by the Hepburn film and by the company that imported the other picture, for I assume that the Nipponese movie was originally made as ordinary entertainment for its own public and not for a special group of Western curiosity-seekers. The Americans who imported the picture are the ones with my special audience in mind. Obviously, the Far East studio made "Kimiko" for its own compatriots, and that it will amuse those who also love their J. M. Barrie merely goes to show again how small this world is.

Sociological persons will be pleased to note, I suppose, the distinctions shown in the film between the "old" and the "new" Japan. Nostalgic tourists will cry a little at glimpses of Tokyo streets and interiors, and of the mountains of Nagano. Manhattan provincials like myself can find simpler pleasures in it. The two little women in the tub are bound to amuse us. The absurd son is funny. And above all, the mother, I think, is superb. Played by one Tomoko Itoh, this character is a perfect sketch of the arty matron, busy with her poems. The American version is familiar to us all at literary teas, with her long draperies, sandals, autumn leaves in her hair, a turquois matrix on her bosom. Japan has such ladies too, I gather, and no film of ours that I can remember has so humorously given us the type. I suspect it's an indication of

84 PROOF

The little town of Cognac has changed little in the century and three-quarters since Hennessy Cognac Brandy was first given to an appreciative world. Peasant vintners still bring their choicest "crus" to the Hennessy establishment. Hennessy Cognac Brandy is still made by the old-fashioned "pot still" method. The uniformity of Three-Star Hennessy, generation after generation, is one of the factors that make it the preferred liqueur.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France
JAS HENNESSY & CO Established 1765

★ ★ ★

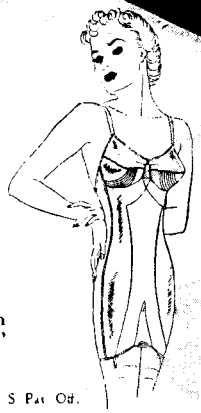
HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES, Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Intimo" EMPHASIZES the dividing line . . . brilliantly interpreting 1937 figure-modes, "Intimo"—Maiden Form's newest theme in brassieres and one-piece foundations — gives smart new breadth and emphasis to the line of separation between the breasts.



Maiden Form also makes "Once-Overs" (one-piece foundations) with the "Intimo" brassiere top — back and side panels of two-way stretch elastic — $5.00 and $7.50.

"Intimo" brassieres may be selected in bandeau style or with 2-, 4-, 5- or 6-inch band for control of the diaphragm, with regulation or with low backs — $1.00 to $3.50.

SOLD AT ALL LEADING STORES

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

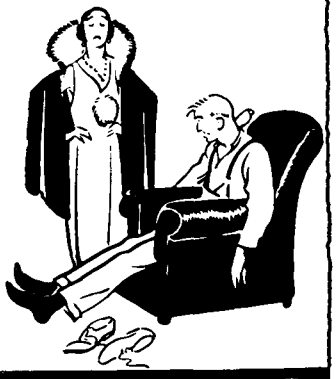
Maiden Form
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · GARTER BELTS

©1937 M F CO INC *Reg U S Pat Off.

Send for free illustrated Foundation Booklet N: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

I'm Grand for Tired Husbands

I'm Bran-De-Nog . . I tickle his taste . . soothe his nerves . . nourish his body and stimulate his good humor. I'm made by secret formula from fresh eggs, pure milk, fine brandy. At leading chain drug, food, department stores. Free booklet, "Ancient and Modern Recipes." Bran-De-Nog Corp., 154 Maiden Lane, N.Y. John 4-0296.



BRAN-DE-NOG
DELICIOUS, STIMULATING FOOD TONIC

WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.

Decorative Painting
Paper Lampshades
Lamps

★ TRIED AND TRUE RANCHES ★

Early reservations are essential for Western ranches. First hand data gladly given by someone who has been there.

Vacation Advisers
9 East 46th St., New York, N. Y. Wickersham 2-2730
Naturally, no charge for service

LICENSED FOR PERSONAL ELECTRONIC READING, COPYING AND PRINTING PROHIBITED

band of this absorbed poetess may leave her and run to his geisha in Kamibayashi without there being any particular plot upheaval. It's all understood and accepted, and, even to us Westerners, startlingly natural.

THERE is nothing upsetting in "Quality Street," of course. On the general theory of our day that courtesy, good manners, and polite ways are born material for farce, these elements in the comedy have been stressed for their humor, with mild success. "She who marries without telling all, her every moment must be a false face"—such a line as this is probably too bizarre, too uncanny a notion, to laugh at with entire freedom, but antiquarians may relish it. Miss Hepburn herself is overwhelmingly genteel in the poke bonnets of the Regency, and she is most ably accompanied and chaperoned throughout the midget plot of couquetries by the Misses Fay Bainter, Cora Witherspoon, and Estelle Winwood. Franchot Tone is correct and never too brutal in the drawing-room scenes, the schoolroom scenes, and in that crisis at croquet when all of a sudden, without any of the usual preliminaries of nature in such a moment, rain in torrents descends from heavens but an instant ago bright blue. Possibly nature behaved like that, though, on Quality Street. There are certainly few authorities left to dispute it. If you like this kind of thing, "hasten into your bombazine" (which is another line from the play) and order your barouche. Hobe Erwin has seen to it that there are nice mantel ornaments of the period, too, and altogether it's a little sketch that's daintily turned out. I must add that I myself was glad to see Eric Blore's modern, mundane face right in the middle of it all.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

Attorney Herbert Callahan, defense counsel, asked for a halt in proceedings. Then he and Assistant District Attorney Edward M. Sullivan went into a wench conference with Judge Fosdick in the judge's lobby.—*Boston Evening American.*

Over a good cigar?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Chicago Daily News*]

Constance Neville-Johns sang at Curtiss Hall last night with the fresh voice of immortal youth, a soprano so clear and effortless and light that she used it with the same complete ease with which she wore her beautiful dress, once she had

only Heinz can pack this finer tomato juice

That's the reward of 50 years spent in developing the world's most delicious tomato—the Heinz tomato.

You'd naturally expect Heinz to pack the finest tomato juice, for Heinz tomatoes are the pick of the world's best crop! No other tomato juice has the same, rich, fresh-off-the-vine flavor, because Heinz *exclusively* uses the "aristocrat" tomato—developed through years of crossbreeding. From seed to vine-ripened fruit, cultivation of the "aristocrat" tomato is under Heinz supervision. The seedlings, before being transplanted in the fields, are actually *raised in Heinz greenhouses!*

As each firm-cheeked, ruddy beauty reaches its flavor peak, it's plucked and rushed to near-by Heinz kitchens. Scarcely has the dew dried on its sides before it's pressed and the juice sealed in stout tins.

Keep a generous supply of Heinz *finer* tomato juice on hand at all times. Serve it—chilled—at breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Tune in *Heinz Magazine of the Air.* Full half hour—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, 11 E.S.T.; 10 C.S.T.; 9 M.T.; 12 Noon Pacific Time—Columbia Network.

Deft hands of a Heinz man select from hot-beds the husky tomato plants ready to be transplanted. Every step in the preparation of Heinz Tomato Juice is as carefully supervised!

Heinz TOMATO JUICE

Copr. 1937 H. J. Heinz Co.
LICENSED BY ZAZ
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPODE'S GAINSBOROUGH • *From one of a series of direct mail pieces designed and printed by Tri-Arts Press, Inc., New York typographers and printers. Courtesy of Copeland & Thompson, Inc., New York, sole agents for and wholesale distributors of Spode.*

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY...

GAINSBOROUGH is one of Spode's early important floral groupings which was revived some years ago and entirely re-engraved, at great expense, as most of the early engravings had been destroyed. The groups are richly shaded and painted under the glaze in yellow, rose, green, blue, and pink, over a sepia print which adds to the subject much dignity and reserve.

A POWERS' direct color reproduction has made it possible to put everything the camera saw right into the illustration.

It is the skill *behind* the camera that knows how to transform a mere photographic study into an illustration that holds all of the original detail — that has *life* and *sparkle* to it! It is for this that Powers' reproductions have won a still-widening reputation among advertisers and agencies.

It would interest you to see the unusual equipment making it possible for us to ensure better workmanship . . . to produce fine plates more quickly and at less expense.

POWERS REPRODUCTION CORPORATION

TWO HUNDRED FIVE WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEEP SOUTH

IN Savannah, on one of the dozen squares that slowed the rhythm of the city because one could not drive a hundred yards without making a right-angle turn, there was a boarding house, run by Miss Anna; and in this boarding house lived also Miss Annabell, and Miss Anna Lee, and Miss Anna Mae. All of them were over sixty; all had dyed their hair, even Miss Anna Mae, who was lying on the bed from which she would never rise. The place was mad; these ancient women fussed all day long and screamed at the top of their lungs, even Miss Anna Mae, who was dying. And all of them—except Miss Anna Mae—ran up and down the stairs, broke into my room whether I was in bed or not, wanted to know if everything was right, if I wanted hot milk before I went to bed; threatened to thrash the no-good nigger boy because he had not put an extra comforter on my bed; had extra dishes made for me by the beautiful black Mary. I was there a week, and not until the last day could I distinguish the various Misses Anna; all four were altogether different.

Miss Anna, the landlady, was part Jewish, part Irish, part Spanish; miserly with money, neurotic about her business. When I had first come knocking on her door, she had stood in the entrance and frightened me by yelling in the tone of voice in which one calls a policeman, wanting to know how I had got to her house, who was I anyway, did I have references? She made me pay in advance every last cent I could possibly owe that week, and when she had led me upstairs to my room-to-be, she snatched a second towel away from my washstand and took it back with her downstairs.

Miss Anna Mae, the one who was dying, was an Old South aristocrat. The most magnificent cars stopped before our boarding house, containing ladies that came calling on Miss Anna Mae. I called on her myself. In a huge dark room, littered with garments (as if Miss Anna Mae had a moment ago carelessly tossed aside her clothing and just got into bed), in an enormous four-poster lay this wasted woman with the strange, dyed hair, and screamed to the heavens that she was honored that I had come to see her, that I should throw on the floor whatever was on the chair and sit down. She told me about the South, she told me about what she, too polite for the baldness of *nigger*

Age brings MELLOWNESS

As you enjoy the clean, extra-dry taste of Dewar's Scotch Whisky, it is cheering to know that as the years come and go, the age-mellowed tastiness of Dewar's will remain unchanged. Its quality is protected by huge stocks of fine old Scotch. You can always depend on Dewar's. A Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 proof. Schenley Import Corp., New York.

DEWAR'S THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

(pronounced Doo-ers)

A Schenley IMPORT

Copr. 1937, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. C.

FRANCES CLYNE

SWING AND SWAGGER
Molyneux Adaptation
PRINT DRESS with
Full Length Wool Coat
$65.00
6 EAST 56 STREET

After the theatre in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

THE INIMITABLE
DWIGHT FISKE
IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO

EMILE PETTI
and his Cosmopolitans

THE COCKTAIL HOUR
Dancing Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday

SAVOY-PLAZA

howard pusch
Engraving . . . Gifts
Distinctive Stationery
Portrait Etchings
400 PARK AVENUE at 54th Street

EDITHA ČERNOCH
supplies confident patrons with
NEWEST CUSTOM CORSETS
skillfully created from the finest materials and fashioned for lasting wear. The cost is moderate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know what is good for them!" She told me the story about the Southern *nigra* wandering in the streets of a Northern city knocking at houses and asking for meals. At the first door he came to, the man of the house smiled politely and said he didn't have any food to give him. At the second house, the lady politely shut the door in the *nigra's* face. But the third house he came to was lived in by a Southern family that had moved up North, and here the man who opened the door said, "You no-good black nigger, you get this instant away from the front door and go to the kitchen door, where you belong, and there's a big meal waiting there for you."

Miss Anna Lee was the one who was a radio addict. I forgot to say that the radio, too, was going all day long. Miss Anna Lee sat before the radio and in a loud voice spent the first prize she was going to win in the Chicago *Tribune* contest. She had a Pekinese, and a Negro boy to air it, and whenever I went in and out of that house, there was the little dog sniffing, and there was the boy, George, standing watching it sniff.

It was Miss Annabell who told me how to behave with Negroes. Miss Annabell's family had lived next door to Miss Anna's boarding house, and when everyone else in Miss Annabell's family had died, some twenty years ago, she moved in with Miss Anna, and now she ran the house dining room. I had asked the cook, Mary, how I could possibly get to know someone who would show me the Negro section in Savannah, and Miss Annabell heard Mary tell me she would make a party and did I want to come?

Miss Annabell did not wait for Mary to go, but in a loud voice, so Mary could hear very well, she announced, "Yes, it will be nice for you to see how the *nigras* live. Mary is a nice *nigra* and you will be safe. But don't take any money with you. And get dressed up, because then Mary will be pleased.

GOOD COMPANY

. . anywhere, anytime . .

Libertyphone

- If you are travelling, or "trailing", world touring or week-ending — Libertyphone is *one* companion that will never bore you.
- The phonograph automatically plays 8 records, 10" or 12". Operated on AC-DC, American or European voltages.
- The 8-tube world wide radio has European and American wave bands, electric tuning eye, dynamic speaker, tone control, built-in aerial.
- Genuine leather, cowhide or rawhide, hand-stitched cases.

Exclusive with Liberty
(Pat. No. 2,022,543—Other Pats. Pending)
$94.50 to $185.00
Catalog on Request

LIBERTY MUSIC SHOPS
450 Madison Avenue at 50th Street
795 Madison Avenue at 67th Street
10 East 59th Street (Savoy-Plaza)
254 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida

VILLAGE BARN
TO-NITE and EVERY NITE!
A RIOT OF FUN!
★ TEN STAR ACTS ★
3 FLOOR SHOWS NIGHTLY
7.30-10.30-1.30
DINNER FROM $1.00
FREE PARKING
52 West 8th St., STUY 9-8840
Square Dances · Musical Chairs

LICENSED TO JINZ USA
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHATEAU PONTET CANET
BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETOR
ONLY WHEN
IT BEARS THE CRESCENT OF
CRUSE
•
BORDEAUX WINES
and BURGUNDIES

IT IS SMART TO SERVE
CLICQUOT
CHAMPAGNES
AGENTS, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Merrily we go Around
. . . around and around the gay little Island, seeing all the sights and having lots of fun. Don't forget to join us when you come down to Bermuda. Your travel agent has tickets and an illustrated guide book.
BERMUDA RAILWAY

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF DISPLAY
WINDOW DISPLAY
Provides a fine field for people with creative ability and sound business sense. Profitable, interesting careers with stores, shops, chains, manufacturers, display companies, etc. Free placement bureau for graduates. Day, evening classes conducted by leading display experts start April 12th. Visit, phone or write
ROCKEFELLER CENTER RCA BUILDING
New York, N.Y. Circle 6-3460

ROMANOVSKY
PAINTING CLASS
PORTRAIT, FIGURE, AND STILL LIFE
Studio 605, The Lincoln Arcade
1947 Broadway, New York City
between 65 and 66 Streets

Made from the "Receipt" of George Washington's Mother

All you do is add water and Bake

By special permission of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Dromedary Gingerbread Mix is based on the 200-year-old private recipe of the Washington family. It is no trouble to make. Just add water and bake. We guarantee the most delicious gingerbread you ever tasted—or money back. Try a package. The Hills Bros. Co., 110 Washington St., New York.

DON'T spoil your drinks with any substitute for

ANGOSTURA

SINCE 1824

Praise everything. Don't forget they're children. And don't forget you're a white man, even if you're from the North. Don't get familiar."

MARY was almost fifty, but beautiful, and she looked younger than her oldest daughter. The night of the party, there was an old car waiting down the street filled with many of Mary's children. Mary and I also somehow got in and we drove, rattling, to the Negro section. We stopped at a restaurant to buy a bottle of liquor and sat down right there to drink it. Somehow we couldn't be gay; some strain was around us and there was no party. Whenever a newcomer came into the room and saw me sitting, a glass in my hand, he seemed to freeze, and even when Mary said, "He's from up North," the tension did not relax. They made a point of shaking hands with me, and I felt sick and not like a party at all. Pretty soon we all got back into the car and drove silently far out of town. It seemed miles away, past night-darkened walls, past railroad tracks, and into the country. We stopped at the shack where Mary and her family lived; inside there was a huge bed, where Mary had given birth to each one of her children. There was very little else in the room. We ate fish fry and we didn't talk. Mary's mother, who had been a slave, was there. She was a terribly old, toothless woman, who sat in a chair and watched us eating cold fish, while that near-death expression on her ridged face never changed at all.

Miss Annabell herself brought me my grits next morning, and her eyes wanted to know what had happened last night. I wouldn't say. I ate my grits and drank my coffee and went upstairs to get my bag to leave. Ladies were already visiting with Miss Anna Mae in her room. But her door remained closed, and no one saw me off but Mary; when we shook hands, she smiled goodbye at me.

—NATHAN ASCH

•

An antique Russian beard comb, made of iron, with curious filigree work of ornate figures. Reward if returned.—*Adv. in Nassau (B. W. I.) Guardian.*

In time to prevent a hopeless snarl?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Theatre," by Somerset Maugham.*]

Her eyes filled with tears and began

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T DISAPPOINT the DUCHESS

SERVE UNDERWOOD'S

And why waste your cook's time trying to produce a black bean soup as good as Underwood's?

Underwood's is unapproached for richness of flavor and smoothness of consistency, which is just what people want in a black bean soup, from the duchess down.

It takes a very special kind of beans and a lot of bother to make this soup. But all you have to do is heat it and add a bit of lemon and a slice of hard-boiled egg to each plate. *Then* watch your fussy guests!

If your grocer can't supply you send seventeen cents for a full-sized can.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
Watertown, Mass. Dept. N-4-10

BOOKS

Virginia Woolf—Oliver Gogarty

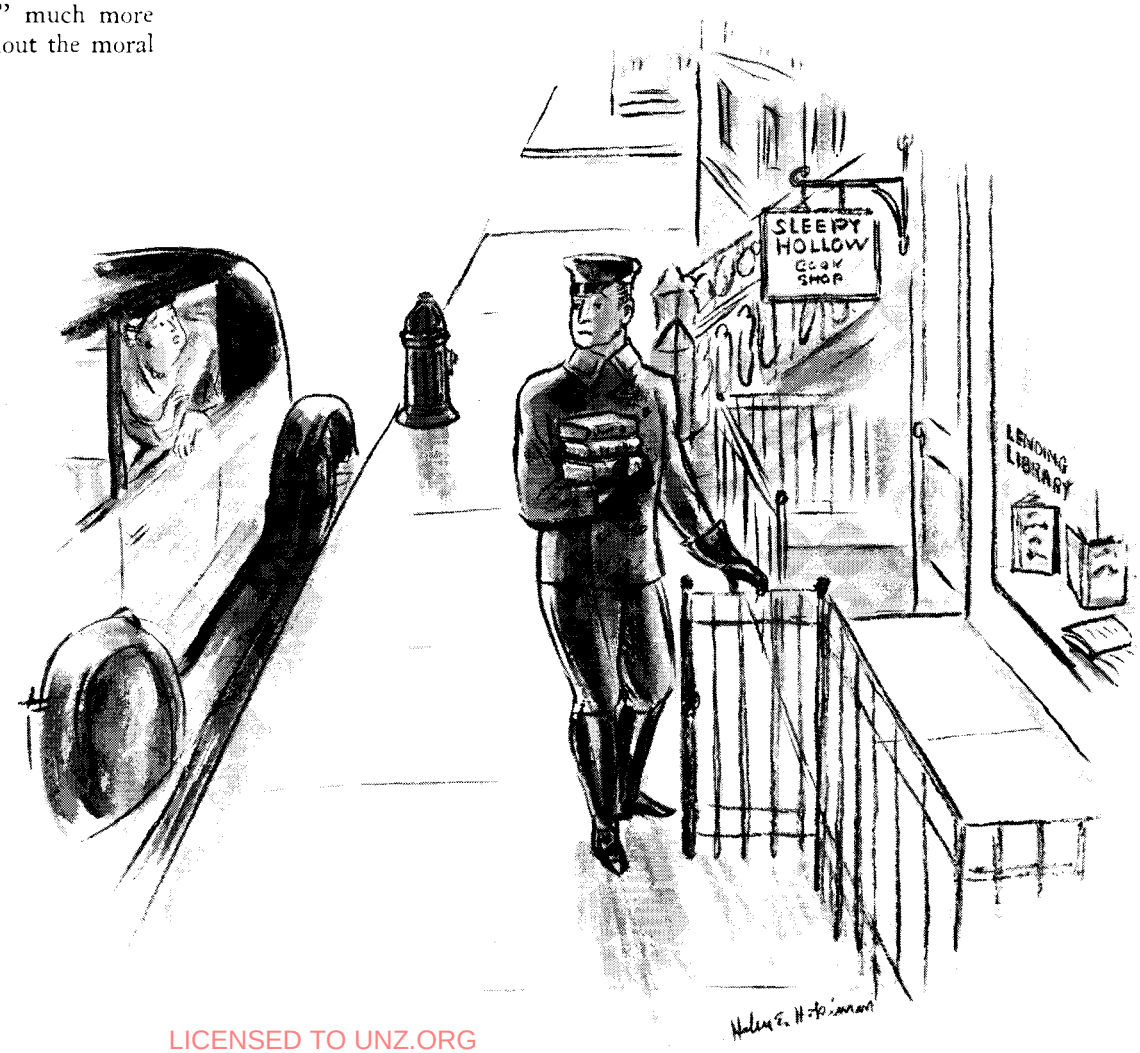
VIRGINIA WOOLF'S new novel is called "The Years." Quiet almost to inaudibility, the title seems aptly chosen. It suggests the book's theme—and its themelessness. A novel whose subject is no more and no less than the flight of the years can have no particular point save this: men alter, time passes, leaves fall. "Slowly wheeling, like the rays of a searchlight, the days, the weeks, the years passed one after another across the sky." The book loses much of its meaning unless one feels these days, weeks, and years to be its real concern, the characters merely a medium for their effects. Three generations of human beings compose a prism through which Time's white light is filtered, that we may trap its essence and muse upon its qualities. "The Years" may thus be considered as a kind of miniature "Magic Mountain," much more limited in scope and without the moral comment which gives Thomas Mann so much of his value.

The story begins in London in 1880. We are introduced to the upper-middle-class family of Colonel Abel Pargiter. There are seven children: Eleanor, Milly, Delia, Morris, Edward, Martin, Rose. There is also a mother, an invalid, and no wonder—anything to avoid the Victorian embraces of the potent Pargiter. Colonel Abel has a distinguished brother, Sir Digby, married to Eugenie; and the Digby Pargiters have two children, Maggie and Sara. There is a cousin, Kitty Malone, daughter of an Oxford don, who marries into the nobility and becomes a great lady. It is with these people and the generation following them that "The Years" superficially deals. But I cannot tell Mrs. Woolf has her own secret methods of projecting human beings, and these methods hardly yield to summary.

From 1880 to the present day, the fortunes of this large and typical English family are followed. But "The Years" is not historical fiction in the Galsworthy manner. It is not the history of England, not even the history of a particular English class, that is in question, but rather half a century of Time. Mrs. Woolf's people do not seem greatly affected by the social changes and events of their epoch. In the great endless murmuring paragraph of the story, the deaths of Parnell and King Edward VII compose the tiniest of parenthetical phrases. Even the World War is only a breath misting the mirror of this serene, bright chronicle. But Nature's events, the incidents of wind and weather, are described with beautiful particularity as the years march by, for they have greater weight here than the movement of armies.

One does not look for obvious drama in the work of Mrs. Woolf. "The Years" has even less of it than have her other books. All is indirection. We are never shown the critical moments in the lives of the Pargiters and their kin, but only the changes, some broad, some minute, that these unguessable critical moments have wrought in them. We skip from 1880 to 1891 to 1907, we pass from 1914 to 1917 to the present, and all intervening detail is omitted, as unimportant to Mrs. Woolf's subtle purposes. Somehow, by means of this oblique method, the passage of fifty years is given a certain meaning, the years themselves are endowed with body and bouquet.

It is hardly useful at this late date to praise Mrs. Woolf's style, which must be the despair of hundreds of envious users of English. It suffuses this book like light, clear and lovely. Nor is it worth while to repeat what has so often been said of the delicacy of her per-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceptions. She misses much, enormous areas of human experience escape her, but what she grasps she grasps infallibly. What the eye, the heart, and the memory, acting in harmonious combination, can do, she does. For other things one must go to other people.

Still, while I do not wish to go down in history as the boy who decried Woolf, candor forces me to add—may God and Bloomsbury forgive me—that, lovely as it is, "The Years" is just the merest mite dull.

FROM the days of Goldsmith to those of James Joyce, Ireland has shown an odd incapacity to keep, as one might put it, her wits about her. Indeed, she might long ago have drawn a snug revenue from the mere levying of an export tax on the comic spirit. Irish wit remains all too rarely on Irish ground, and when it does, often turns bitter, fighting the land that breeds it. Oliver St. John Gogarty is a good example.

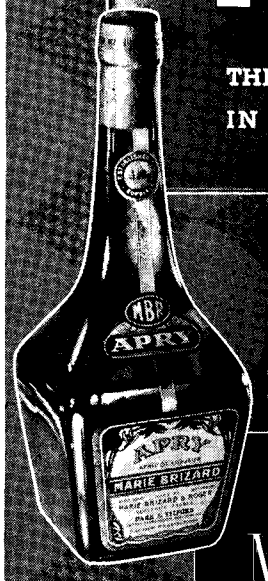
Who is Gogarty? He is the Irishman who stayed home and grew to abhor that home. If not the wittiest of reactionaries, he is surely among the most reactionary of wits. He would embrace the Devil (who after all is a gentleman) rather than touch his hat to De Valera. He dearly loves a lord, almost any lord, but preferably an English one. He dearly hates a republican, almost any republican, but preferably an Irish one. For perhaps a third of a century, he has been acknowledged, whenever one could get a word in edgewise, as the greatest talker in Dublin. He is a surgeon of some, and a poet of greater, repute. Over good whiskey he has argued politics and art, swapped tags from the classics and jokes from the bawdy houses, with all the notable Irishmen of his period: Yeats, Tim Collins, Griffith, Sir Horace Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, Mahaffy, Tyrrell, Francis Hackett, George Moore, A. E., Synge, Joyce. He is the G. K. Chesterton of Ireland. A mention in George Moore's "Hail and Farewell" gives him a transient fame, but he is already immortal, for he is Buck Mulligan in "Ulysses."

Now he has done a book with a delightful title: "As I Was Going Down Sackville Street." I almost wish he hadn't written it. The book, though itself a kind of mythology, helps to destroy a myth, the myth of himself. The reputed Gogarty, I would like to think, is a wonder, but the Gogarty who writes himself down in this bitter, incoherent, fantastic, flashy, dull, interesting, irri-

The Liqueur of World-Fame

"APRY"

THE SOUL OF THE APRICOT INSTILLED IN GRANDE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC



To best enjoy Apry's exquisite bouquet and delicious taste, always serve in small or large snifter glasses.

CREATED BY

MARIE BRIZARD

SINCE 1755—FRENCH LIQUEURS OF WORLD FAME

80 PROOF

Imported Exclusively by PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

NOW, SEÑOR, THE HIGHBALL ♪SINGS♪

• It is that special highball, Señor—the *Bacardi* highball. It sings soft, tropical music to the palate—that certain glamor, and *only* Bacardi has it.

A Schenley Import

ONLY BACARDI MAKES

BACARDI

RUM—89 Proof

NO IMITATION CAN ACHIEVE ITS FLAVOR

COPR. 1937, SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK

DIGITIZED BY ARCHIVE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Touch-Tip
(TABLE LIGHTER)
Touch Tip—and it's lit
Streamline
your smoking and
your smokers' gifts!
Streamlined in function as well as form, smooth, simple, efficient, easy-operating RONSONS make lighting up a pleasure,—a safe, clean, gracious custom which marks the well-groomed, well-bred lady and gentleman. Use RONSONS; give RONSONS: every model a handsome personal accessory, real jewelry, built for long, loyal service. Prices $3.75 to $25.
FLIP—it's lit
RELEASE—it's out
Tuxedo
Lighter-Cigarette Case Combination
Beauticase
Cigarettes pop up—
Lighter swings out
RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
See them at your jeweler, dept. store or at any store selling fine smokers' articles
Free Illustrated Catalog of
"What's New in RONSON" Write for it, giving dealer's name.
ART METAL WORKS, Inc.
4 Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
Canada: DOMINION ART METAL WORKS, Ltd., Toronto
England: RONSON PRODUCTS Ltd., London, W. C. 2
Australia: W. G. WATSON & CO., Ltd., Sydney

mirable volume is something of a disappointment. He does not live up to the advance notices. The unicorn, he should have remembered, is far too wise to let himself be discovered trotting down Fifth Avenue.

The purpose of this "phantasy in fact," as Gogarty calls it, is to "make Dublin the hero of a book and let it portray itself as it is every day." A good purpose, but one not achieved. At best the portrait is surrealist, violating perspective, juxtaposing incongruities, and depending too much on the black-and-gray of nightmare. What does emerge, if the reader has patience, is a portrait, not of Dublin, but of Gogarty himself. "His is the final sincerity," says Francis Hackett in his excellent, candidly admiring introduction, "the sincerity of the untameable." And, in truth, it is a *fauve* that leaps, cavorts, and snarls in these pages. Fierce, gorgeously witty, learned and metaphysical is this Gogarty, crammed with absurd race theories, a little mad and proud of it; a Mercutio for fancy; inconsecutive and, alas, often inconsequential. His book is cliquish and intolerant, and to non-Dubliners or those not thoroughly familiar with recent Irish history, much of it will be sealed.

What is left for us outsiders? Some fine talk of literature, some gossip about literati (considerable dirty Irish linen is washed in public; for example, the subject, or question, of George Moore's virility is thoroughly canvassed); a few good, unconventional memories of Yeats, A.E., John Talbot Clifton, Augustus John; a great deal of wonderful language; a scatter of acid, brilliant wit; a sense, not of Dublin, but of the small world of literary Dublin of two decades ago; and a self-portrait of a great eccentric whose eccentricity seems here more apparent than his greatness. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RAINBOW FISH, by Ralph Bates. A curious short novel by the author of the extraordinary "Lean Men" and "The Olive Field." A half-dozen shady characters, including a captain who has wrecked his ship, an anarchist fleeing from Italy, a neurotic literary bloke, and a tough mug who has murdered a woman, are drawn together by a sponge-diving expedition among the Greek islands. The

LICENSED TO USE ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. ERNEST
Hairdresser
Well known to New Yorkers, has joined the staff of Fred the Hair-Stylist.
His unusual coiffure artistry will bring new fascination to your Spring Permanent Wave.
FRED THE HAIR STYLIST INC.
ELDORADO 5-2220 18 E. 49th ST. N.Y.

CAFE LOUIS XIV
10 MINUTES FROM MOST THEATRES
15 W. 49 ST.
IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

LUNCHEON · COCKTAIL HOUR · DINNER & SUPPER
NEW YORK'S Smartest ENTERTAINMENT
PRESENTING NIGHTLY
JOSEPHINE HUSTON
PAUL SYDELL & SPOTTY
CONDOS BROTHERS
VERSAILLES
151 EAST 50TH STREET
ELdorado 5 8028-8029
AMERICA'S FINEST CUISINE

Chez Lina 70 West 52nd STREET
A real FRENCH restaurant for epicures who appreciate fine food, properly cooked, à la Française. *No music or noise.*
Luncheon from 50c: Dinner de luxe from 85c

CRANKER
"CITY HEALTH FARM"
45 East 49th Street, N. Y. C.
— *Announces* —
RE-opening: CRANKER HEALTH FARM, Ossining, N. Y. Every facility for Health Building and recreation on 12 Acre Estate. Under

Save Pennies with Safety this Sensible Way

A. P. W. Satin Tissue is soft, smooth and *safe*. Costs less than "bargain" tissues as every roll contains two and three times the sheets in ordinary rolls. Yet Satin Tissue is so fine and sheer that roll fits all fixtures. Comes in Pure White and attractive colors. 25c a roll or in 4-roll cartons at department, drug and better grocery stores. Or write A. P. W. Paper Co., Albany, N. Y.

A.P.W. Satin Tissue

THE COUNTRY IS GETTING BACK ON ITS FEET

Step into the Recovery by shaking ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE *in your Shoes*

This antiseptic powder takes the Friction from the Shoes, as Oil does from your Motor Car. Use it when walking or dancing. Two Sizes at all Drug and Dept. Stores Everywhere. For Free Sample and Walking Doll, address, ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

Allen's Foot-Ease

© 1936 A. S. O.

GOOD NEWS For Dog Lovers !

DOG-TEX

Eradicates Liquid Dog Stains—Ends Odors

You need never be embarrassed by unsightly spots on your rugs or carpets caused by your pets, if you keep a bottle of Dog-Tex handy. Money back if not satisfied.

IN PINT BOTTLES $1.25

For sale in the better Drug & Dept. Stores [Kennel Shops]. Or write us direct.

KENT COSTIKYAN —Rug Cleaning Div.
711 Fifth Ave. WI 2-2300 New York City

there are some brilliant episodes. Seems tentative and experimental compared with his two preceding novels.

BUCKSKIN BREECHES, by Phil Stong. Lively historical romance about Iowa pioneers: covered wagons, Indians, sod-floored cabins, and the general rewards and punishments of life on the frontier a century ago. The background, appealing as it always must be, is worked out a little more credibly than some of the characters. All in all, however, a thoroughly readable book. A Discoverers Club selection.

THE ANTAGONISTS, by Paul Hervey Fox. What happens when an immovable mathematician meets an irresistible nymphomaniac. A sombre study of sex antagonism, rather well done, though the portrait of the mathematician qua mathematician is vague and unconvincing. The author also wrote "Sailor Town." He's worth watching.

THE FRIENDLY TREE, by Cecil Day Lewis. A poet turned novelist writes an appealing love story that begins better than it ends. Toward the finish, Mr. Lewis gets rather limply symbolic about civilization versus the simple life. But the skillful and interesting presentation of his characters in the first part of the book makes one look forward to his next novel.

HERO BREED, by Pat Mullen. Mr. Mullen was born and grew up in the Aran Islands, and he knows at first hand the wild, primitive life in that part of the world, where the sea is a constant antagonist and, at the same time, a means of livelihood. His book has some fine, dashing scenes and a few sentimental ones.

BEAT TO QUARTERS, by C. S. Forester. Another sea story, recommended by such old sea dogs as James Norman Hall and Felix Riesenberg. Enlivened by a grand storm and a deck-to-deck fight between an English frigate and a Spanish ship-of-the-line.

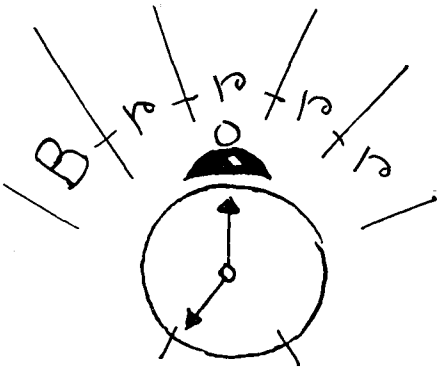
CORONATION SUMMER, by Angela Thirkell. You may not have time to run over to the current coronation. Mrs. Thirkell, with you in mind, has done up Queen Victoria's crowning in the form of a contemporary diary, with pleasant illustrations.

GENERAL

BURTON OF ARABIA: THE LIFE STORY OF SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, by Seton Dearden. Readable biog-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's always



time!

When you want a pick-me-up before lunch, a lift at teatime, a cocktail before dinner—any time—say "B-r-r-r" to the waiter. You'll get a glass of silken-textured BYRRH, the great French aperitif. It whets the appetite and stimulates the spirit. As many as 40,000,000 bottles consumed in France in one year. Many who buy it say that no other beverage can compare to it for dry, exhilarating flavor. Whenever you say "B-r-r-r," you're sounding the prelude to pleasure.

BYRRH, popular throughout Europe for more than 70 years, is a blended wine, dry, pungent, delicious, that seems to contain the very laughter, warmth and wit of France. It is a stimulating aperitif. An excellent cocktail base. Many enjoy it plain with soda. At the better hotels, bars, restaurants and liquor stores.

Byrrh

(*very dry*)

says the Frenchman for his favorite aperitif wine

Sole Distributors:
CHARLES & COMPANY, New York City

Chartreuse

A Noble Liqueur
Moderate in Price

Chartreuse is rich . . . full ...warming to the taste. Molten gold or green in color. Equally delicious when sipped straight—or mixed with cognac. The only liqueur made by Monks, Chartreuse is now available in *fifths*, at a cost no higher than other fine liqueurs!

Green Chartreuse
110 proof

Yellow Chartreuse
86 proof

Made in Tarragona, Spain, and in France

COPR. Schenley IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK 1937

FRANCES CLYNE

EVENING GOWNS
Clingingly Capricious
Direct-From-Paris
Copies or Adaptations
From $125

6 EAST 56 STREET

oughness, of one of the greatest of England's many eccentric wandering Orientalists. The famous Mecca pilgrimage and the discovery of Lake Tanganyika are stressed. Illustrated.

OLD FUSS AND FEATHERS, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. General Winfield Scott never lost a battle, which hardly seems to qualify him as the interesting figure Mr. Smith, with energy and sympathy, tries to make him out to be. Illustrated.

MARCONI: THE MAN AND HIS WIRELESS, by Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr. Simple, lively narrative by the radio editor of the New York *Times*. Illustrated.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, by Catherine Gilbertson. A thoughtful, rather pedestrian biography that steers a middle course between adulation and debunking. Illustrated.

THE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE SHERSTON, by Siegfried Sassoon. Mr. Sassoon's autobiographical war-and-peace trilogy—"Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," "Sherston's Progress"—in one volume.

LIVING IN TOKYO, by Katharine Sansom. The domestic and picturesque side of Japanese life. The forty illustrations, twenty-nine in color, by Marjorie Nishiwaki are charming.

MYSTERIES

MURDER MAKES MURDER, by H. Ashbrook. A scandal from the past results in the murder of a beautiful lady poet, with suspicion falling on her admirers. Spike Tracy, the detective, moves rather uneasily through the welter of sentiment.

THE BONFIRE MURDER, by T. Arthur Plummer. Tammany methods and characters transplanted to an English town with lively results. There is action on every page, and the sort of spectacular trick ending which some readers accept as a substitute for plausibility.

CASE FOR THREE DETECTIVES, by Leo Bruce. Very funny parody on the technique and mannerisms of three popular fictional detectives. A good gag that grows a little tiresome in full-length form.

(NOTE: For our readers' convenience a list of recently recommended books appears on this page in the first issue of each month.)

•

FOR SALE—Beautiful, French provincial chiffonier by lady with beechwood drawers.—*Adv. in Columbus (O.) paper.*

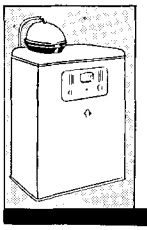
Baldness unnecessary!

X-ER-VAC treatments

● NOW AVAILABLE IN YOUR HOME, BARBER SHOP, BEAUTY SHOP AND LOCAL HAIR-GROWING SALON

Therapeutic Method for Hair Growth Developed by Dr. Andre A. Cueto, M. D. Manufactured under patents issued and pending solely by The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio

Based on an approved therapeutic principle, the XERVAC has been clinically tried and found effective in the successful treatment of baldness, falling or lifeless hair. For further information see your barber, beauty shop operator or your local Crosley radio and refrigerator dealer. If you prefer, write The Crosley Radio Corp., Cincinnati, stating whether you desire (1) to purchase the XERVAC for home use; (2) to make money by giving commercial treatments as a barber or beauty shop operator; (3) to obtain XERVAC treatments—in which case send us the name of your favorite barber or beauty shop. Licensed exclusively under Taylor Instrument Companies Letters Patent No. U. S. 2055128—Other Patents applied for.



THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Dept. 437-N CINCINNATI, OHIO
Copyright 1937, The C. R. Corp.

a Baby Secret

$1.00 50 *washings*

Jalma is just the thing for baby clothes and blankets because it cleans thoroughly and leaves garments softer, fluffier, kinder to tender skins. Also it removes cod liver oil, as well as ink, grease, iodine and mercurochrome.

jalma

BELONGS IN YOUR BATHROOM

Lord & Taylor
Lewis & Conger
McCutcheon's
Abercrombie & Fitch
B. Altman

REST RELAX REDUCE!

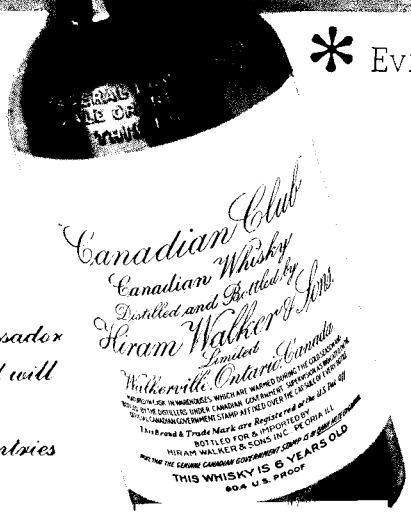
QUICKLY *without* EFFORT
NO *tiring* WORKOUTS
A WEEK-END *shows* RESULTS

NANUET MILK FARM, Inc.
NANUET, N. Y.
Celia Denis, mgr. Phone Nanuet 315

Cerutti's **LE MIRAGE**
Presents the sensational
YANYEGO VOODOO DANCERS
MARIE ALMONTE
4 SHOWS NIGHTLY
LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUPPER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EZ A PÁLINKA BUDAPESTEN IS KAPHATÓ *



Ambassador of good will to 87 countries

* EVEN IN BUDAPEST YOU WILL FIND THIS WHISKY....

"Budapest," writes C. L. Comstock of Nantucket, "is one city I wouldn't want to miss—only it isn't one city, but two. The beautiful blue Danube flows right through it! And the favorite delicacy of both halves isn't gulyás, but good old Yankee-style corn-on-the-cob! Nor is this the only Yankee custom. On the Promenade Ship on the Danube I was served 'Canadian Club'! I had to look twice to convince myself we weren't on the Sound! But I had to sip only once to recognize the smooth flavor of this welcome friend from home!"

If you've an eye for quality, look for the name Hiram Walker. In rye or bourbon—rich, or mild and mellow—there's a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at leading clubs, bars and hotels.... Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Illinois and Walkerville, Ontario.

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB" CANADIAN WHISKY THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD. 90 4 PROOF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COURVOISIER

Is Preferred Because of Its Distinctive Flavor

You see Courvoisier everywhere. In distinguished homes and clubs, and in smart hotels and restaurants. There is a reason for its vogue.

Courvoisier's popularity as the quality cognac is due to its distinctive flavor, which comes from using only the costlier brandies, aged and blended according to the Courvoisier tradition. The distinctive flavor of this Cognac brandy can be obtained in no other way.

The most popular type of Courvoisier is "V. S Liqueur Cognac". It is the premier after-dinner liqueur brandy, yet it sells at standard prices.

V.S
LIQUEUR COGNAC
BY APPOINTMENT
BY FORMER APPOINTMENT
TO H. M. NAPOLEON III
COURVOISIER
All Courvoisier Cognac Bears The Registered Phrase
"THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COGNAC
COGNAC - 84° PROOF - PRODUCT OF FRANCE
4/5 QUART - BOTTLED BY COURVOISIER JARNAC-COGNAC
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES
F. C. G. IMPORTERS INC.
601, West 26th St. NEW YORK CITY

All Courvoisier Cognac Bears the Registered Phrase

"The Brandy of Napoleon"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED